A CHILD OF THE ORIENT

حرملك

DEMETRA VAKA

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO

X694103

By Demetra Vaka

(Mrs. Kenneth-Brown)

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT.
IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM. Illustrated.
HAREMLIK: Some pages from the Life of Turkish Women.
FINELLA IN FAIRYLAND.

By Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth-Brown

THE DUKE'S PRICE.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston and New York

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT

حرملك

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT

BY

DEMETRA VAKA
(MRS. KENNETH-BROWN)

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
MDCCCCXIV

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY DEMETRA KENNETH-BROWN

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published April 1914

To TRUMBULL WHITE

EDITOR AND FRIEND, WHOSE APPRECIATION
AND ENCOURAGEMENT HELPED TO SMOOTH
THE HARD ROAD OF A BEGINNER

CONTENTS

I. The Token 3

II. Echoes of 1821 8

III. Other Faces, Other Phases . . . 15

IV. Djimlah 24

V. We and They 30

VI. Aunt Kalliroë 36

VII. In the Hollow of Allah's Hand . . 46

VIII. Yildirim 60

IX. I am reminded of my Sons again . . 73

X. The Garden Goddess 85

XI. Misdeeds 111

XII. How I was sold to St. George . . 119

XIII. The Master of the Forest . . . 134

XIV. Ali Baba, my Caïque-tchi 158

XV. My Lady of the Fountain 167

XVI. Chakendé, the Scorned 195

XVII. A Great Lady of Stamboul . . . 214

XVIII. The Inventiveness of Semmeya Hanoum 224

حرملك

XIX. The Chivalry of Arif Bey . . . 236
XX. In the Wake of Columbus . . . 255
XXI. In Real America 271
XXII. Back to Turkey 287

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I

THE TOKEN

On the morning of my fifth birthday, just as I awoke from sleep, my great-uncle came into my room, and, standing over my bed, said with a seriousness little befitting my age: —

"To-day, *despoinis*, you are five years old. I wish you many happy returns of the day."

He drew up a chair, and sat down by my bed. Carefully unfolding a piece of paper, he brought forth a small Greek flag.

"Do you know what this is?"

I nodded.

"Do you know what it stands for?"

Before I could think of an adequate reply, he leaned toward me and said earnestly, his fiery black eyes holding mine: —

"It stands for the highest civilization the world has ever known. It stands for Greece, who has taught the world. Take it and make your prayers by it."

I accepted it, and caressed it. Its silky texture pleased my touch. Its heavenly blue color fascinated my eyes, while the white cross, emblem of my reli-

gion as well as of my country, filled my childish heart with a noble thrill.

My great-uncle bent over nearer to me.

"In your veins flows the blood of a wonderful race; yet you live, as I have lived, under an alien yoke — a yoke Asiatic and uncivilized. The people who rule here to-day in the place of your people are barbarous and cruel, and worship a false god. Remember all this — and hate them! You cannot carry this flag, because you are a girl; but you can bring up your sons to do the work that remains for the Greeks to do."

He left his chair, and paced up and down the room; then came again and stood beside my bed.

"Sixty-one years ago we rose. For nine consecutive years we fought, and to-day two million Greeks are free — and Athens with its Acropolis is protected by this flag. But the greater part of the Greek land is still under the Mussulman yoke, and St. Sophia is profaned by the Mohammedan creed. Grow up remembering that all that once was Greece must again belong to Greece; for the Greek civilization cannot and must not die."

He went away, leaving me with thoughts too vast for a child of five years, too big for a child that was not even strong. Yet even at that age I knew a great deal about the past of Greece, and better yet did I

know of the fight of those nine years, which had made the little flag I was caressing again a flag among free nations. I folded and unfolded the miniature flag, which my sons must some day carry forward.

It was the last day of February. Outside a storm was raging. I could hear the angry Sea of Marmora beating violently against the coast, as if it would fain destroy with its liquid force the solidity of the earth. And the rain, imitating the sea, was beating mightily against the window-panes, while the wind was forcing the tall, stalwart pines, to bend humbly to the earth. Half of the elements were doing violence to the other half, — as if they were Greeks destroying the Turks, or Turks oppressing the Greeks.

It was a gloomy birthday, yet an exaltation possessed me. I kept on stroking the little flag. I loved it, and with all the fervor of my five years I vowed to do my duty by it.

The door opened softly, and Kiamelé, my little Turkish attendant, came in. Quickly I tucked away the tiny flag.

"Good-morning, Rose Petal." She kneeled by my bed, and putting her arms around me, smothered me with kisses. "So we are five years old to-day — pretty old, I declare! We shall be looking for a husband very soon. And now show me what the great-uncle gave you."

Her face was droll and piquant. Her eyes possessed infinite capacity for expression. That I loved her better than any one else at the time was undeniable. And only a few minutes ago I had been told to hate her race.

I entwined my fingers with hers. "Do you love me, Kiamelé?" I asked.

"After Allah, I love none better."

"I wish you did love me better than Allah," I said, "for then I could make you a Christian."

She shook her head drolly. "No, no, I like Allah."

"But then," I protested, "if you like Allah, you must hate me."

"Hate you! You, whom I love better than my heart!"

"You've got to; for I am a Greek, and you are a Turk."

She folded me in her arms. "What a funny baby — and this on your birthday! Now don't talk foolishness. Show me your presents."

From under my pillow, where I had tucked it, I produced the little flag.

She gazed at it, her head cocked on one side.

"What's this?"

"This," I said with emphasis, "is the flag of my country — and my birthday present."

"What a funny present," she murmured. "And is this all the grand old gentleman gave you?"

I was disappointed at her reception of it, and to save my little flag from feeling the mortification, I hugged it and kissed it. I wanted very much to explain to Kiamelé all that it stood for, and how my sons some day must carry it forward; but how could I, since to show my allegiance to that flag I must hate her, my "bestest" of friends? So I said nothing, and on that, my fifth birthday, I began to see that battles did not exist only between people, storms did not rage only among the elements of nature, but that heart and mind could be at such variance as to cause conflicts similar to those taking place outside my window.

CHAPTER II

ECHOES OF 1821

OWING to certain circumstances, I was not living with my immediate family, but was under the care of my father's uncle. He and I lived on one of those islands which rise high above the Sea of Marmora; and our near horizon was the Asiatic coast of Turkey, which stretched itself in the blue waters like a beautiful odalisque. We lived in an old huge house, which belonged to him, and which was far away from any other habitation. The sea was in front, the mountains behind, and thick woodland on the other two sides.

From the time I could remember, my uncle conversed with me as if I were grown up, yet I felt that he held me in contempt because I was a girl and could not carry arms. Life contained nothing for him beyond the hope of waging warfare against the Turks.

He had been only a lad in 1821 when the Greeks had risen in desperation to throw off the Mussulman yoke. Enlisting among the first, he had fought during the entire nine years. Subsequently he fought in every one of the uprisings of Crete. When not fighting, he was back in Turkey, in his home, where he

thought, studied, and sometimes wrote inflammatory articles for the Greek reviews.

At times he had tremendous physical suffering, mementoes of his many battles. On those days I did not see him. He possessed that noble and rare quality of being ashamed of his bodily ailments. But after my fifth birthday I was present on many days when mental anguish possessed him. On such days he would stride up and down his vast gloomy rooms, talking of the Greek race and of the yoke under which so large a part of it was living.

He would stand by the window and tell me about Crete, pointing, as if the island were visible from where he stood — and I believe that in spite of the distance, he actually saw it, for it was ever present in his mind, and he knew every corner of it.

"There it lies," he would say, "lapped by the waves of the Mediterranean; but were the mighty sea to pass over it, it could not wash away the noble Cretan blood which drenches it. It is soaked with it, and it shall be blood-soaked until the Mussulman yoke has been wrenched from it — or till there is no more Cretan blood to shed."

Or he would cry out: "Don't you hear the shrieks of the Cretan women as they leap into the foaming sea, holding fast to their hearts their little ones? Yes! they would rather meet their death in the

merciless but clean sea, than fall living into the hands of the vile Turkish soldiery. Oh! my God — my Christian God! — how can you permit it?"

He would bow his head on his arms and remain motionless, until the feeling which was choking him had passed. Then, in a subdued tone, he would resume: "Crete! Crete! brave, indomitable Crete — always victorious, yet always handed back to the Turks by Christian Europe. My beautiful Crete, when shalt thou be free?"

It was on such days that he exhorted me to remember the little Greek flag he had given me, and all that it stood for. On other days, when he was calmer, he took me systematically with him through the entire nine years of the Greek Revolution, and by him I was carried through all its glorious battles.

He had fought first under the leadership of Marco Bozzaris, and he entertained for this heroic chief an admiration amounting to worship.

"We were only a handful, mostly lads, at first," he would say, with a happy smile on his saddened face. "Yes, we were mostly lads, and Marco himself a little over thirty. But how we did obey him, and how we did fight!"

Here he would lose himself in memory for a while.

"I can see Marco now, seated cross-legged on the ground, a crude map of his own make before him,

we bending over him. 'Here, boys,' he would say, pointing to the map, — 'here is where we fight the Turks to-morrow, and by night-time we shall carry our holy flag farther along. We do — or we die!' Then the handful of us would kneel and kiss the flag, and swear by to-morrow to carry it farther along — or to die. And we always carried it farther along."

He described Marco Bozzaris so vividly to me, that when one day he showed me a picture which he had smuggled into Turkey for my benefit, I instantly cried: "Why that is the great Bozzaris — your Marco!"

I believe that I never pleased him more in my life than by this. He actually kissed me.

Next to Bozzaris, the man he admired most and talked of most was the intrepid mariner, Constantin Kanaris.

"The Turkish fleet was blazing with lights," he told me, "for the Kabitan Pasha was celebrating. One of the warships was filled with Greek maidens, ranging from twelve to eighteen. They had been carried off that day without distinction of class or name. The daughters of the great Greek chieftains and of the commonest sailors had been herded together, and brought on this battleship to be made the victims of the night. Word of this had come to us. We sat gloomily around a rude wooden table, saying

not a word. Then Constantin Kanaris spoke, his voice hoarse, his face terrible to look at: —

"'Take them away we cannot — unless God sends us ships from heaven at this minute. But if we cannot take them away, we can at least send them to God, pure as he has given them to us.'

"We listened breathless, while he unfolded to us his daring plan. He would go out in a small rowboat to the battleship alone. 'Never fear! I may not come back — but the battleship will be blown up.'

"He left us — so dumb with despair that for a long, long time none of us spoke. Hours passed since he had gone; then a far distant boom made the still air tremble, and we, rushing to the shore, saw the sky bathed in burning colors.

"We lads were for shouting for joy, but at the sight of the older men, whose heads hung low on their breasts, we remembered that none yet knew whose were the daughters just sent to God. Each father there, maybe, had a child to mourn."

My uncle's friendship lasted as long as Kanaris lived, and at times he went to see him in Greece. Once he reproached me bitterly for having been born a few years too late to be taken to the home of Kanaris, to behold the great chieftain and to be blessed by him.

After the untimely death of Marco Bozzaris at Karpenissi, my great-uncle fought under other great leaders, until in turn, in the last three years of the revolution, he himself became a leader.

Of his own exploits he never spoke. He entrusted this task to posterity. It was of this and that other leader he loved to speak, and as his narrative progressed, all the names which have immortalized the modern history of Greece passed before me — passed before me not as names from a book, but as men of flesh and blood, in their everyday aspects as well as in their heroic moments.

And I, seated on my little stool, with the big book I had brought him to read me still unopened on my lap, would listen enthralled, wishing that I might have lived when my uncle had, and might with him have kneeled in front of Marco Bozzaris, to kiss the Greek flag, and to swear that I would do or die.

One day, when he was more violent than usual against the Turks, when he almost wept at the thought of living under the Turkish yoke, an inspiration came to me.

"Uncle!" I cried, "why do we live here? Why don't we go to live where the Greek flag flies?"

Abruptly he stopped in his walk before me, his tall, thin figure erect, his eyes aflame.

"Go away from here?" he cried. "Go away from

here, and be a traitor? Yes, that is what so many thousands did in 1453. They abandoned their hearths and the graves of their ancestors. They abandoned their lands and their schools, and above all they abandoned St. Sophia! To go away from here is to forsake our country — forever to relinquish it to the conqueror. We must stay *here!*" he thundered, "and bear with our *patrida* the yoke of slavery, till the day shall come, when, again strong, we shall rise to break that yoke, and hear again a Christian priest in St. Sophia!"

I was seven years old when he died; yet I felt almost as old as he. Having never seen other children, and therefore having never shared in childish frolics, my world consisted of the woes of Greece.

His death was a terrible shock to me, and yet I cannot say that I quite understood what death meant. For days and days I pondered as to where he was, and whether he were comfortable or not. I saw his body, wrapped in a huge Greek flag, the ikon of his patron saint clasped in his cold hands, lowered to rest beside the men of his family, who, like him, had lived and died under the Turkish yoke.

CHAPTER III

OTHER FACES, OTHER PHASES

My uncle was now gone — gone, let us hope, to where he was to find rest from racial hatred, rest from national ambition.

Gone though he was, his influence over my life was never to go — entirely — in spite of radical modifications. He had enriched my childhood with things beyond my age, yet things which I would not give up for the most normal and sweetest of childhoods. He had taught me the Greek Revolution as no book could ever have done; and he had given me an idea of the big things expected of men. He had given me a worship for my race amounting to superstition, and bequeathed to me a hatred for the Turks which would have warped my intelligence, had I not been blessed almost from my infancy with a power of observing for myself, and also had not good fortune given me little Turkish Kiamelé as a constant companion.

In the abstract, the Turks, from the deeds they had done, had taken their place in my mind as the cruelest of races; yet in the concrete that race was represented by dark-eyed, pretty little Kiamelé, the sweetest and brightest memory of an otherwise bleak infancy.

Alongside the deeds of the Greeks, and the bloodshed of the Greek Revolution, I had from her the Arabian Nights. She told them to me in her picturesque, dramatic way, becoming a horse when a horse had to come into the tale, and any other animal when that animal appeared; and she imitated them with so great an ingenuity that she suggested the very presence of the animal, with little tax on my imagination. She talked with a thick voice when a fat man spoke, and a terribly funny, piping voice when a thin one spoke. She draped herself exquisitely with her veil when a princess came into the tale; and her face assumed the queerest look when the *ev-sahibs*, or supernatural sprites, appeared. Had it not been for her and her Arabian Nights, I should never have laughed, or known there was a funny side to life; for I had little enough occasion for laughter with my uncle. Even to this day, when I am amused, I laugh in the Oriental way of my little Kiamelé.

After the death of my uncle, the course of my life was changed. I made the acquaintance of my own family, who now came to live on the island, in the same old house where he and I had lived. It took me a long time to adjust myself to the new life, so different from the old, and especially to meet children, and to try to talk with them. I had known that other children existed, but I thought that each

one was brought up alone on an island with a great-uncle, who taught it the history of its race.

My father and I quickly became friends, and I soon began to talk with him in the grown-up way I had talked with my uncle, much to his amusement, I could see.

One day when I was sitting in his lap, with my arms encircling his neck, I said to him: —

"Father, do you feel the Turkish yoke?"

He gave a start. "What are you talking about, child?"

It was then I told him what I knew of our past, and of our obligations toward the future: how some day we must rise and throw off that yoke, and hear the holy liturgy again chanted in St. Sophia.

He listened, interested, yet a flush of anger overspread his face. He patted me, and murmured to himself: "And we thought she would grow stronger living in the country."

He bent down and kissed me. "I would not bother much, just now, about those things," he said. "I'd play, and grow strong."

"But, father," I protested, "uncle told me never to forget those things — not even for a day: to remember them constantly, and to bring up my sons to carry forward the flag."

"You see," my father replied, very seriously,

"you are not eight yet, and I do not believe in early marriages; so you have twelve years before you are married, and thirteen before you have a son. During those years there are a lot of nice and funny things to think about — and, above all, you must grow strong physically."

I must say I was quite disappointed at the way he took things. I was quite miserable about it, and might have become morbid — for I liked to cling to the big dreams of the future — had it not been for my half-brother. He was fourteen years older than I, and he, too, like my uncle, lived in the past. His past, however, went beyond my uncle's past; and from him I was to learn, not of the woes of Greece, but of the glory of Greece, of her golden age, and of the time when she, Queen of the World, was first in civilization.

My horizon was gilded also by the Greek mythology — that wonderful Greek mythology, which to my brother was living, not dead. He spoke one day in such a way of Olympus that I exclaimed: —

"You talk as if Olympus really existed, and were not only mythology."

"Of course, it exists," he replied. "I used to live there myself, until they punished me by sending me down here. I cannot tell you all the particulars, because when Zeus is about to exile one, one is given a

potion which puts him to sleep, and while asleep he is carried beyond the limits of the Olympian realm, and is left outside to live the life of a man. But though he forgets a great deal, — as, for example, how to find his way back, — he is left with the memory of his former existence. That is his punishment. After his death, however, he is forgiven and returns to Olympus again."

I stared at my brother, but his calm assurance and the faith I had in him made me implicitly believe him — and to-day I think he really more than half believed it himself.

After this I was not surprised to have him tell me that the gods of Greece were not dead, but forced to retire to the mountains of Olympus because Christianity had to come first. "You see, little one, you will presently learn the Old Testament, as you are now being taught the New — and as I am teaching you mythology. You will find out, as you grow older, that you need all three to balance things up."

From him I not only heard the names of the great Greek writers, but he read to me by the hour from them. At first they were very hard to understand, since the Greek we speak is so much simpler than the Greek of Aristophanes and Sophocles; but since, after all, it is the same language, I learned to recite it pretty well even before I knew how to read and write.

It was from my brother, too, that I learned to know the Greek Revolution as our great modern poets sang of it; and before the year was over I could recite the Chani of Gravia and other celebrated poems, as American children recite Mother Goose.

One day there came into our garden, where my brother and I sat, a handsome young man, saying: "They told me you were in the garden, so I came to find you." He sat down by us and plunged into a conversation about a certain game they were getting up, and of which my brother was the captain. We escorted him to the gate, when he left us, and after he was out of earshot I asked my brother who he was, since he had forgotten to introduce us.

"It is Arif Bey," he replied, rather curtly.

"You don't mean a real Turk?" I cried.

"Why, yes."

"But you seemed so friendly with him!"

"Why not? I like him first-rate."

"How can you be friends with a Turk?"

"He's an awfully good fellow."

"But ought we to like them, and treat them as if they were our equals?"

"Well, what can we do, sister? They are the masters here, and we belong to the Turkish officialdom. We have got to be friendly with them."

"But we ought to hate them just the same, since

we must kill them. Would n't you kill him, if you could?"

"I don't think I hate Arif Bey; and as for killing him, I hope I shall never have to."

"But if we are not to kill them, how are we going to be free again, and how can the Greek flag fly over the Galata Tower?"

"Look here, baby, what you need is to play more and not think so much. Now come, and I'll teach you to climb trees, and for every tree you climb by yourself, I'll tell you a tale about the time when I lived on Mount Olympus."

I was agile by nature, in spite of being frail, and in no time I learned to climb even the tallest trees on our place, an occupation which delighted me as much as anything I had ever done.

Arif Bey I saw again and again, for I became the constant companion of either my father or my brother, and I could not find it in my heart to hate him. A few years older than my brother, he was taller and his shoulders were broader, and he carried himself with a dash worthy of the old demigods of Greece. As for his eyes, they were as kind and good to look into as those of my brother. What is more, I was never afraid in his presence, and one day he spoke so tenderly of his sick mother that I pretty much changed my mind about the delight of seeing

him killed. It was then that I talked very eulogistically about him to my brother; but one never can tell what grown-ups will do. They are the most inconsistent of human beings.

"Look here, baby," he interrupted my praises of Arif Bey, "Arif is handsome and a nice chap, and I can trust him up to a certain point; but don't get to thinking he is as good as we are. A Turk never is. They have enough Greek blood in them to look decent, but they have enough Turkish left to be Asiatics, and don't forget that. An Asiatic is something inferior at best. Look at Arif Bey himself, for example. He is about the best of them, and yet, barely twenty-seven, he has two wives already. There is Asia for you!"

I was quite perplexed in regard to the proper attitude of mind toward the Turks. The only girl I knew was Kiamelé — and I adored her. The only man was Arif Bey — and he got so mixed up in my mind with the demigods that I did not even mind his two wives. My uncle had been dead for almost a year, and I had no one to incite me against them. The old Greek writers and the beautiful mythology were beginning to make me tolerant toward everybody. I began to lose the feeling of the yoke, since Greece had once been the greatest of great countries. When one has a past achievement to be proud of,

one bears a temporary humiliation better, — and there was so much in the Greek past that the weight of the yoke lifted perceptibly from my neck. It is true I kept the little flag nailed under the *ikonostasion* before which I said my prayers every night, and when I felt that I was not quite as loyal to it as I ought to be, I used to pray to the Christian gods to help me to remember it. I say "gods," because to my mind God, and Christ, and St. Nicholas, and St. George and the rest of the saints were much the same sort of a group as the old Greek gods, now in seclusion on Mount Olympus.

CHAPTER IV

DJIMLAH

On the day of Beiram my father was about to set out for a call on a Turkish pasha.

"Take me with you, father," I begged, thinking of the pleasure of being with him more than of going into a Turkish home. He acceded to my request, actuated by the same motive as mine.

The old pasha was receiving his guests in his superb garden, and I, after eating all the candy my father would permit me to, and becoming tired of their talk, which happened not to interest me, slipped away. I wandered about in the garden, and presently came across a little girl, older than myself, yet not so old that the difference formed a barrier between us. It is true that we came very near fighting, at first, over the bravery of our respective races, but we ended, thanks to the courtesy of my little hostess, by becoming friends.

Taking my hand in hers, we ran all the way to where the pasha and my father were seated. She interrupted their conversation without ceremony, and, perching herself on her grandfather's knees, she demanded that he should borrow me for her from my father.

I stood listening, confident that my father would never, never consent to such a terrible thing. When my father consented, — reluctantly, it is true; yet he did consent, — cold shivers ran up and down my back, and my eyelids fell heavily over my eyes. I felt abandoned — abandoned by the one human being for whom I entertained the greatest confidence. Sheer will power kept me from throwing myself on my father's knees and imploring him to save me from the Turks. Had I not been bragging to the little girl but a few minutes before that I was a Greek, and consequently an extremely brave person, I am sure I should have broken into sobs. As it was, I let myself be led away by the little girl without even kissing my father good-bye; for that would have broken down my self-control. That, I felt, was more than even Greek blood could do. I resigned myself to my dreadful fate, but my legs felt like ripe cucumbers.

Little Djimlah enveloped me in a long caress. "You are my very own baby," she said. "I never had one before, and I shall love you vastly, and give you all I have."

Holding my hand in hers, she began to run as fast as she could, pulling me along down the long avenue of trees leading to the house. At the door she did not knock. It opened as by magic of its own accord.

My first glimpse of the interior corresponded exactly with the pictures of my imagination; for in 1885 Turkish homes still preserved all their Oriental customs. The hall was large, dark, and gloomy; and the eunuch, who had opened the door by pulling his rope, added to its terrors. And since that was a great festival day, and many ladies were calling, the hall was lined with these sinister black men, the whites of whose eyes glistened in the darkness.

Still hand in hand, Djimlah and I mounted a flight of dark, carpetless stairs and came to a landing screened by very much the same kind of a curtain as those that hang outside the doors of the Catholic churches on the Continent.

"Open!" Djimlah cried, and silently two eunuchs drew aside the curtains, and we passed to another flight of bare stairs, now full of light and sunshine. With the sun a peal of laughter greeted us, and when we reached the upper hall I felt a trifle less afraid.

Scrambling about on rugs were what seemed to me at first to be a thousand young women, very much like my Kiamelé, dressed in as many colors as there were heads, barefooted and bare-armed. They were having the greatest frolics, and laughing like a pack of children.

"Hullo, there!" cried Djimlah.

They stopped their romping, some of them rising up on their knees to see us the better.

"Why, Djimlah Hanoum, what have you there?"

Djimlah surveyed me with eyes full of that humor which is so strong a characteristic of the Turkish people, and replied seriously: "It looks to me like a Christian child."

"And where did you find it?" they cried.

"I borrowed it from the effendi, her father, who is out in the garden talking to grandfather. She will be here a long, long time, as my own baby."

"Really?" They became quite excited about this.

"Yes. And she can understand us, and talk the way we do," Djimlah announced proudly, as if she had imparted to me a knowledge of her language in the short time she had been holding my hand.

"*Os-geldi! os-geldi!*" then they cried to me in welcome.

"Now, let's go to grandmother," said Djimlah.

This bevy of women were the slaves of the house and the slaves of the ladies who were with the great lady within. We passed through several rooms, filled with the outdoor garments of the visiting ladies, and then came into the *divan-khané*, or principal reception-room, where the hostess was entertaining her guests.

Djimlah, placing both her little hands on the floor,

salaamed, and then walked up to her grandmother, who, magnificently attired in her Orientalism, sat cross-legged on a hard sofa, which ran around three sides of the room.

"Here, grandmother, here is a Christian child. The effendi, her father, is out with grandfather, and he has lent her to me."

I stood still, quite uncertain what was the proper thing for me to do. I had never before come so near to a Turkish lady; and this one, with her deeply dyed finger-nails, and her indoor veils, and her hundreds of diamonds, put to flight all my previous education in decorum. I merely stared.

"Welcome, little hanoum," she said, after she, too, had stared at me. "We shall do our best to make your stay among us seem like a happy minute."

I picked up my little skirts and made her a European curtsy. She was childishly delighted with it, and I was made to repeat it before every lady in the room, who sat in her magnificence, cross-legged on the divan.

There were many, and by the time I finished my curtsies, and told my name and my age, and how I had learned Turkish, and where I lived, I felt quite at home; and when the old lady made us sit by her, and gave us such quantities of candy as I had never been permitted to eat in an entire year, I did not

think once of the little flag that my sons were to carry.

They talked before us as if we were not there, and told a lot of funny stories at which we were permitted to join in the laugh.

The audience over, the ladies rose and salaamed. Djimlah and I rose, too, and as Djimlah now kissed the hems of the ladies' dresses, so did I; and I was pleased to do so, for the ladies were reeking with strong perfumes, a thing I had been taught to consider ill-bred, but which I secretly thought lovely. We escorted the guests out to the anterooms, where their attendants wrapped them in their black wraps and heavy white gauze headgears, and there we bade them good-bye.

Some of them took me in their arms and kissed me, and their perfume stayed with me even in bed that night.

CHAPTER V

WE AND THEY

It was a patriarchal home, this first harem into which I entered. It consisted of the old hanoum, who was the first wife, and head of the women's part of the household, six other wives, whom she called her sisters, several married daughters, the wives of some of the sons, and two married granddaughters. Among them they were the mothers of numerous babies — indeed, there were babies all over the house; and since each lady had several slaves there must have been at least a hundred women and children.

Djimlah happened to be the only child of her age, and all were sorry for her, and said so constantly and did their best to amuse her.

There was little furniture in the house, just rugs and hard sofas, and small tables upon which were always sorbets or sweets, and cushions of all colors piled up on the rugs, where babies or grown-ups were always lying slumbering. Various small musical instruments were also among the cushions, and at any time some person would pick one of these up to play and sing, so that most of the time, on the floor, there were both people slumbering, and people playing and

singing. And since the long, curtainless windows were latticed, and the upper part entirely hidden by creeping vines, growing from pots, the whole place seemed to me like a play-box, transformed into a fairy house, from which discipline, like a wicked fairy, was banished.

All the cooking was done in the men's part of the house, and brought in by eunuchs. At meal-times we sat around small, low tables, on cushions, and ate most of the things with our fingers, except rice and soup, which we ate with pretty wooden spoons.

The amount they permitted me to eat was incredible. Even to this day I wonder what prevented me from becoming ill.

Djimlah and I practically owned the house. We slid on the banisters, we climbed on the backs of the slaves, who, at any time, were ready to play horse with us, and we ate candy whenever and in whatever quantities we pleased.

No one said "No" to us, whatever we did, and the old hanoum let us ruffle her beautiful clothes and disturb her even when she was asleep. We slept on a little bed made up at the foot of hers, in her own room, and it was she who said our prayer, which we repeated, and then kissed us good night.

The day had passed so rapidly, and had been so crowded with events and candy, that I had had no

time to think. Once in bed, after Djimlah put her arms around me and kissed me and then sweetly fell asleep, I had plenty of time to review the day. It seemed preposterous that I, my uncle's grand-niece, should be here in a Turkish household, and in the same bed with a Turkish little girl — a little girl I liked and should hate to kill. Yet my uncle's teachings were strongly with me, and his dark fiery eyes seemed to pierce my heart. I tried to focus my mind on the bad side of this household. There was the fact of the several wives, and if it was bad for Arif Bey to have two wives, it must be terribly bad to have seven, as had Djimlah's grandfather, who did not even have the excuse, to my thinking, of being young, handsome, and Olympian. On the other hand, the old hanoum liked those other wives, and called them "sister," and Djimlah spoke of them lovingly. Impelled by my uncle's eyes I tried to dislike the Turks. I felt disloyal to him, whom I could feel very close that night; but when I fell asleep at last, my rest was not troubled, and on awaking again, Djimlah was leaning over me, cooing and laughing, and I began to laugh, too.

The tears which I had had the courage not to shed when my father said that I might stay with Djimlah, flowed copiously when the time came to leave her. I cried hard and loud, and so did Djimlah, and be-

cause we two cried, some of the slaves joined in, and then the old hanoum said: —

"Now, young hanoum, that you have come once, you will like to come again, and prove to us that we have made your stay happy."

"I'm ready to come this minute," I sobbed.

At this she laughed, and we began to laugh, too; and thus I bade them good-bye.

The first words I said on reaching my own home were that the Turks were the nicest people in the world. My father was amused, but my mother was horrified, and had she had her way I believe my first would have been my only visit. As it was, eight days later I was again with Djimlah; and thus it came about that from that early age I became a constant visitor not only to Djimlah's home, but also to that of other little girls whom I met through her, and otherwise.

As I grew older the vast contrast between my race and theirs became more and more clear to me; and I had the distinct feeling of partaking of two worlds, mine and theirs.

In my home there were duties for me from my babyhood, duties which had rigidly to be performed; and things to be learned, remembered, and to be guided by. The words "duty" and "obligation" played a great rôle in my Greek home, and these two

words, so stern, so irreconcilable with pleasure, were absent from the Turkish homes.

For me there was a tremendous Greek history to be learned and understood; and the more one studied it, the more one had to suffer because of the present; for in my home we lived with the past, we talked of the past, and of the obligations which the past imposed upon our present and future.

In the Turkish homes there was no history to be learned. All they seemed to know was that they were a great conquering race, that they had come from Asia and had conquered all Europe, because they were brave and the Europeans were cowards. There was no past or future in their lives. Everything was ephemeral, resting on the pleasure of the day, or, better yet, on the pleasure of the moment; unconscious of the morrow, and indifferent to the moment after the present.

In entering a Turkish home, especially as I grew older, I felt as if I were leaving my own life outside. They were different from us, these women, these children of the Turks. They were so different, indeed, that I rarely spoke to them of the things I felt or thought about at home. I came to them ready to enjoy them, and to enjoy life with them; and yet, as the years went by, deep down in my heart I felt glad to be a Greek child, even though I belonged to

the conquered race; and I began to return to my home with greater satisfaction than I had at first, and to put into my studies a fervor and a willingness which might have been less had I not been a visitor to these Turkish households.

Yet curiously, too, as I grew older, I liked the Turks more and more, though in my liking there was a certain amount of protective feeling, such as one might feel for wayward children, rather than for equals.

I learned to see what was noble, charming, and poetical in their lives; but I also became conscious that, in spite of the faults of my race, in spite of the limitations of our religion, our civilization was better than theirs, because it contained such words as discipline, duty, and obligation. And dimly I felt that we were a race that had come to the world to stay and to help, while theirs was perhaps some day to vanish utterly.

CHAPTER VI

AUNT KALLIROË

THERE is no use pretending that there has ever existed the least sense of fraternity between the Greeks and the Turks. They had their quarters and we had ours. They brought their customs and traditions from the East, and we held fast to our own. The two races had nothing to give each other. They ignored us totally, and we only remembered them to hate them and to make ready some day to throw off their dominion.

I have never heard a good word for the Turks from such of my people as have not crossed their thresholds. It is almost unbelievable that for upward of four hundred years we should have lived side by side, ignorant of each other's history, and positively refusing to learn of each other's good qualities. With entire sincerity the Greeks daily relate to each other awful deeds of the Turks — deeds which are mere rumor and hearsay, and contain only a grain of truth, or none at all.

Each side did its best to keep the other as far away as possible. They had their resorts, and we had ours. They had their *teké*, and we had our schools; they had their mosques and we had our churches; they

had their Punch-and-Judy shows and we had our theaters; they had their music, and we had our own; they had their language, and we clung jealously to ours. Our own differences we did not bring before the Turkish law, but before our own Church. Neither in sorrow nor in pleasure did we mingle. Turkey is the only country in the world where one may travel for months without using the language of the country, with such great tenacity do the conquered races cling to their own. Indeed, in order to live comfortably in Constantinople, one must know Greek, not Turkish.

After I had played with Turkish girls for two years, had been in and out of their homes as a friend, and liked them, one morning my Great-Aunt Kalliroë came to our house in a great state of excitement and worry.

"Go fetch your father, dear," she cried to me, "and tell him that it is of the utmost importance — of the utmost *national* importance."

Great-Aunt Kalliroë was an old lady, and the last of her type I remember. She was of an old Phanariot family, and to her the traditions of Phanar — the Greek portion of Constantinople — were as important as her religious duties. She always dressed in the old fashion of Phanar, wearing a black lace, turban-like, on her head, a dress in one piece, with

ample skirts, and a shawl which she let hang gracefully over her shoulders. She was tall and imposing, with the sharp features of the Greeks of Phanar, which perhaps were sharpened during their first two hundred years under Turkish rule. Even in her old age her eyes were as piercing and clear as a hawk's. She carried a cane, and wore silk mittens made by hand; and whenever she met a Turk in the street she muttered exorcising words, as if he were an evil spirit.

Upon her marriage she had at first gone to live in another community, where the Greek traditions were not so rigidly adhered to. At once she decided that her marriage was providential, and that God had meant her to go to this place to revive the Greek spirit. She undertook her task with a fervor at once patriotic and religious; and she succeeded in her mission, for she made these wayward sheep return rigorously to the fold.

"Go, child!" she now admonished me impatiently. "Don't stand there and stare at me — go fetch your father."

I knew my father did not like to be disturbed in the morning, but I knew also that there was not a human being who did not obey Great-Aunt Kalliroë; so I went and fetched my father.

"Nephew!" she cried, without any greeting, as

soon as she saw him, "I will not countenance it — I will not tolerate it! He must be made to understand the impossibility of his desire."

My father sat down by her, took her silk-mittened hand, and kissed the fingers.

"Now just tell me who is 'he.'"

Aunt Kalliroë looked at my father with disgusted surprise.

"Nephew, are you living at the North Pole, and not in Turkey? — Baky Pasha, of course."

She flung the name as if it were a bomb, and waited for it to explode. My father took the matter calmly.

"What has he done?" he inquired.

"Nephew, what is the matter with you? Don't you know?"

My father shook his head. "Tell me," he begged.

"He is proposing to buy the Spathary homestead! The — Spathary — homestead! Why the man did n't leave it to the Church I can't understand; but I suppose the stroke prevented him from putting his affairs in order. Well, his only heirs live in Roumania, and they want to sell the house, not to rent it, and what is more they are asking a ridiculous price. The house has been vacant for two years — and now Baky Pasha, the Asiatic brute and murderer, proposes to buy it — to buy a Christian home, which contains a niche for our saints in every bedchamber

— a home which has been blessed by our priests, and in which many a Christian child has been baptized!"

She threw up her hands in despair.

"Christian God, are you going to try your children much more? You have sent these Asiatic hordes to come and conquer us; you have allowed your great church to be polluted by their profane creed; and now are you going to try your children further by permitting these beasts to buy Christian homes to lead their improper lives in?"

My father waited till her outburst came to an end, then said gently: "You know, Aunt Kalliroë, Baky is a very nice fellow, and what is more he has never murdered anybody, or is likely to."

My great-aunt stared at my father; then asked stiffly: "And what is his nationality, please?"

"He is a Turk, of course —"

"A Turk — and not a murderer?" She lifted her eyes to the ceiling. "Christian God, what are we coming to? Is 1453 so far away that your children have forgotten it? A Turk — and not a murderer! But I am not here to discuss the Turks with you, nephew; for are you not a Turkish official, do you not consort daily with these barbarians, and do they not even say that you permit your innocent babe to sleep under the roof where Turks keep their women? Christian God, give grace to your children."

She joined her hands, and her lips moved in silent prayer.

"Just tell me what I can do for you," my father begged.

"You can speak for me to that Turk, and tell him that the Spathary homestead is Greek, and that it is in the midst of a Greek community, where he is not wanted. If he offers so much money that it will be sold to him, well, it shall be burned to the ground before he moves into it, that is all."

My father opened his cigarette case, and offered her a cigarette; for all the women of her generation smoked.

She selected one, and examined it closely. "I am gratified at least to see that you smoke what is made by your countrymen, and not Turkish cigarettes."

My father laughed. "Why, auntie, there is not a Turkish cigarette-maker in all Turkey. All the Turkish cigarettes are made by Greeks."

Aunt Kalliroë took a puff or two; then, for once on the defensive, she observed: "All decent things are made by Greeks — is n't that so?"

"I suppose so."

"You ought not to 'suppose so,'" she cried, again on the offensive; "you ought to be certain. Christian God, what are we coming to! Is this the patriotism to be expected of the men who must try to free your great Church from the Mussulman profanation?"

"Tell me, how do you propose to settle the Spathary matter?" my father asked, reverting to the less dangerous topic. "If Baky should n't buy it, how would you keep off other Turks who may wish to buy? Your community is an old-fashioned one. The younger generation of Greeks is moving away from it; and only rich Turks will buy the big old Greek homesteads."

"I propose to buy it myself," she thundered, "and move into it, and sell my own house to the Bishop of Heraclea, who wants it."

"How much does he offer for your house?"

"Four thousand pounds."

"And what do the Spathary heirs ask?"

"Those Roumanian Greeks have no more idea of value than they have of patriotism — they are asking five thousand, and what is more I shall have to pay it."

"Then you will sell the home of your husband's forefathers, and pay a thousand pounds more for an inferior one?"

She banged her stick on the floor in exasperation. "I am not driving a money bargain: I am keeping a Turk from coming among us. Great Christian God, am I to permit an infidel to pass daily by my door, and to walk the street where Christian virgins dwell?"

"Why does n't the bishop buy the Spathary homestead?" my father suggested.

"It is n't big enough. It has n't enough ground. And it 's farther from the landing. Now are you going to carry my message to that brutal Turk?"

"Yes, certainly. And I know that he will not be willing to buy where he is not wanted. But I am sorry that you are going to lose your own home, and pay a thousand pounds over."

"Need n't worry! I have enough to live on, and, as you know, all my money goes to the Educational Fund, so that I might just as well use a thousand pounds now to keep a Turk away from Christians."

The next time we visited Aunt Kalliroë she was installed in the Spathary homestead. Just within the front door stood a small table, covered with a white linen tablecloth, such as an orthodox Greek woman spun herself for the purpose of putting on the table where the ikons were laid — a tablecloth always washed by the mistress herself in a basin kept apart from the other dishes. On the table lay a Greek ikon, a brass candlestick holding three candles, all burning, and a brass incense-burner, from which a column of blue smoke was rising, filling the house with the odor of incense.

"Why, it is n't Easter and it is n't Christmas,"

I cried. "It is n't even a great saint's day. Why are you burning the candles and the incense, great-aunt?"

"They have been burning since I moved into this house, and they shall burn for thrice forty days, to cleanse it from Turkish pollution."

"But since Baky Pasha never bought it, and never lived in it — "

"No, but a Turk has coveted it, and that is enough to pollute a Christian home."

This incident is one of many which illustrate the feeling which existed in the hearts of the orthodox Greeks for the people who had conquered them and had brought to the very capital of their former empire their own religion and customs. We disliked them and feared them; and our fear partook both of the real and of the unreal, because we ascribed to them not only the deeds which they had done, but also a great many which they were not only incapable of doing, but which had not even entered their minds to do.

I wonder now what would have been the outcome had the Greeks and the Turks mingled more together; had they come to know each other and to recognize each other's good qualities, and had they been able to profit by the good which is in each nation; had the Turks, for example, borrowed from the

light of Greek civilization and culture; and had the Greeks profited by the calm, contemplative spirit which is the keynote of the Turkish character, when not in war. I wonder always what would have been the outcome, and perhaps that is one more reason why I try to show what is best in the Turks — to save the gold from the dross, and to disentangle from the bad what was divine and immortal in them.

We Greeks have never been able to learn from them and to give something in exchange; but why let it be lost to the whole world? And since we call ourselves Christians, why should we not be able to say — when the sick shall be dead — even as Christ said of the dead dog: "Yes, he is a dead dog — but his teeth are beautiful."

CHAPTER VII

IN THE HOLLOW OF ALLAH'S HAND

My visits to Djimlah continued, and her daring spirit was a continual delight to me. I had never seen her afraid of anything, and she did pretty much as she chose. One day when I was visiting her, a tremendous thunderstorm broke out, and I said to her: —

"Oh, Djimlah, let us go out in your grounds and watch the storm. They never let me do that at home, and I do so want to find its roots."

She did not accept the proposal with alacrity. "It will rain hard in a minute," she objected, "and we shall get wet. I hate to look like a rat — and all the curl will come out of my hair."

"I believe you are afraid, like the other women," I mocked her. "Maybe if you had a European bed in your home you would go and hide under it."

She rose majestically. "Come, we will go and see whether I am afraid."

We went out, bent on finding the beginning of the storm. I always thought that a storm must have a beginning; and from the windows of my nursery, where I watched the storms, it looked as if it were just around the corner. In vain, however, on that

day did we wander around many corners on Djimlah's grounds: we could find no beginning.

The storm grew fiercer and fiercer. The whole sky was dark, lead-colored, and black clouds rushed along as if a tremendous force were pushing them from behind. The lightning, like a vicious snake, was zigzagging over the sky. Then there came a bang! and a crash of thunder. By that time we were far from the house, and on the cliffs. Djimlah put her arm within mine.

"I am possessed with fear," she gasped; "for Allah is wrathful."

Her tone was full of awe, and it subdued me. "Let us go back," I said.

"No, it will overtake us, and crush us," Djimlah answered. "I don't want to die — not just yet. We must hide somewhere."

At this time I was being taught my Bible, and felt that I knew a great deal about religious subjects.

"We can't hide from God," I explained. "He sees us everywhere — even in the darkest corner of a dark closet."

"I don't want to hide from God," Djimlah corrected. "I want to hide from the thunder. Come! I know where we can go — to the Hollow of Allah's Hand."

Hand in hand we ran as fast as we could against

the hard, beating rain, the fierce wind blowing against us, bending even big trees, and mercilessly breaking off their branches. With the agility of children we managed to reach a high cliff partly concealed by pines. It resembled a gigantic hand, rising up, the fingers curving over and forming a protected hollow. Into this we crept and sat down, high above the Sea of Marmora, with miles and miles of horizon in front of us.

In our little shelter the rain could not get at us, but we were already wet, and our clothes clung to us uncomfortably.

"Let us take our coats off," suggested Djimlah, "for the under layer must be less wet than the upper one. And also let us take off our shoes and stockings. We shall be more comfortable without them."

We divested ourselves of some of our clothing, and as the hollow where we sat had sand, we stretched our coats in front of us to dry, curled our feet under us, and snuggled very close to each other.

The storm was still raging, but we now looked upon it with the renewed interest and pleasure derived from our safety.

"We did n't find its roots, after all," Djimlah observed. "I believe it begins at the feet of Allah and ends there, and since we are sitting in the hollow of his hand, it can't hurt us."

It struck me as curious that she should be talking of God so familiarly. In my ignorance of their religious side, I considered the Turks as infidels and without religion.

"I did n't know that God had any hands," I remarked. "I thought He was only an eye; at least, that is the way He is painted on the ceiling of our church."

Djimlah shook her head. "How can He be only an eye? Have you ever seen a person being only an eye?"

"He is n't a person," I retorted. "He is God, which is very different from being a person." And yet, as I spoke the words, something I had just learned popped into my head, that man was created in the image of God. Magnanimously I mentioned this to Djimlah.

"I always knew that," she agreed, "and I know whom He looks like, too. He looks like grandfather at his best."

"Your grandfather is old," I protested. "God is n't an old man."

Djimlah pondered this. "Well, He has lived ever since the beginning of the world — and grandfather is only sixty." She looked at me, puzzled. "That 's funny. I never thought much about his age."

"Yes," I put in, more perplexed still, "and his

son, if he had lived, would have been almost nineteen hundred years old."

She turned abruptly, and her face in the little hollow was very near mine.

"What son?" she inquired with interest.

"Jesus Christ, our Lord," I answered.

"Your prophet? Why, he was n't his son. Allah never married."

And again the words flashed into my mind that there was neither giving nor taking in marriage in heaven. Yet I stood by my orthodoxy.

"Christ *is* the son of God," I maintained.

Djimlah, too, stood by her belief. "Allah had no children of the flesh. Christ was only a prophet — and he was second to Mohammed."

A brilliant idea came to me. "You know, Djimlah," I explained, "I am not talking of Allah, I am talking of God."

"They are all the same," she asserted. "There is but one heaven and one earth and one sun and one moon. Therefore, there is but one God, and that is Allah, and we are his children."

I was staggered by her confident tone. Djimlah with her words had made of me a Mohammedan and an infidel — something religiously unclean and unspeakable. And what is more, she was unconscious of the enormity of her speech: she was excitedly

watching the lightning, now making all sorts of arabesques on the sky.

"Watch, darling, watch!" she cried. "I know now what the storm is. It is fireworks, Allah's fireworks!"

"Fireworks — foolishness!" I exclaimed peevishly; for I was sorely hurt at the idea of her being on equal terms with me before God. "God is not frivolous — He does not want any fireworks. He is vastly busy watching the world, and guiding the destinies of the human race."

"Why should He watch and guide?" Djimlah said proudly. "He knows everything from the beginning; for He writes it on the foreheads of people. My destiny is written here," — she pointed to her forehead; "and yours is written there." She tapped my forehead.

I hated her, and crossly pushed her finger from my forehead.

"He does n't," I cried, "for He leaves us free to choose whether we shall be brave or cowardly, whether we shall do good or evil."

She laughed derisively. "A nice kind of a father you would make of Him — taking no more care of us than that. But do stop arguing and watch the storm. Is n't it glorious?"

Indeed, the lightning over the Asiatic side of Turkey was wonderful. The storm had worked its

way over there, and the rain had followed, leaving our side of the coast clear. Right above us a yellowish cloud tore open, and disclosed the sun. Djimlah greeted him with delight. She extended her little arms up toward him, crying: —

"Come out, Sun Effendi, come out! You are so golden and warm, and I am so cold." She shook her little body and rose, jumping up and down to get warm.

As if to oblige her, the sun's rays grew stronger and stronger, and we began to feel better under their warmth. We could hear the storm growling, miles away now, and see only bits of lightning.

"It's working its way back to Allah," said Djimlah, "so let's go home, and get dry clothes and something to eat. But I am glad we came out, for now you know that it has no roots." She put her arm around me. "I used to be afraid of the noise," she confessed sheepishly. "I used to hide my head in some one's lap. I never knew it was so beautiful. You made me see that."

This deference pleased me, yet it did not take away the smart from which I was suffering. Indeed, the calm assertion of Djimlah that we were all in the same way children of God hurt me more than any abstract proposition has since been able to. Had she intimated that the Turks and the Greeks were

alike, I could have proved to her by actual facts that the Greeks were superior to the Turks because they had attained to the noblest civilization, the most beautiful architecture, and the greatest literature in the world; but how was I to prove my position of superiority before God?

The afternoon passed in various games, in which I took only a half-hearted interest. Then came supper and bedtime. I was spending the night there, and by the time I was to go to bed, my smart, instead of being lessened, had grown tremendously. I undressed silently.

The old hanoum came in to hear us say our prayers. Up to this time I had not minded praying with Djimlah to Allah. I was sure it did not matter, because when I was tucked in bed, I crossed myself three times, and implored the Virgin Mary to watch over me and over those I loved. To-night it was different. If I were to show Djimlah that I did not believe in her words, I must stop praying to her god; so I said: —

"I shall not pray to Allah to-night."

"Oh, but you *must*," Djimlah declared. "You would n't like to disappoint Him, would you?"

"I don't belong to Him," I asserted passionately. "I don't belong to Him. I belong to God; so I don't care whether I disappoint Allah or not."

"Djimlah," interposed her grandmother, "you must let the little hanoum do as she likes. You and I can pray alone."

Djimlah stood before her grandmother, her face tilted upward, her hands outstretched, palms upward.

"Allah, the only true god of heaven and earth, be praised! There is no other god but God, the great, the wonderful, the just. Allah be praised!"

She kissed her grandmother and me, and the old lady kissed us both, and put us to bed. No sooner was she out of the room than Djimlah said: —

"Baby mine, I believe the storm has upset you. You have been so quiet all the afternoon — and now you don't even pray."

"I am upset," I replied. "But it is n't the storm — it's you."

She sat up in bed. "Now, what have I done to offend you, when you are under my roof?"

"It was n't under your roof. It was when we were in the open, during the storm."

"That part of the heavenly roof, being over grandfather's land, is our roof," she corrected me.

"Well, I don't care what you call it, you have offended me."

"But, darling," she cried, "how did I do it? I don't remember it."

"I can't quite explain it; but although I have been very fond of you, I don't like you to say that you and I are the children of God in the same way, and — "

She interrupted me — and it was a pity, too; for at the moment I was getting it quite clear how she was not my equal before God, and afterwards I could not quite get it again.

"But, *yavroum*, much loved by the stars and the rivers, are we not Allah's children, you and I?"

"No!" I cried bitterly, "I have nothing to do with Allah. He is a cruel, beastly god, who tells people to kill, — and you *know* you have killed thousands of us, — and little babies, too!"

To my surprise I found myself hating the Turks with a hatred I never thought I could feel since I had come to know them. And I was miserable because I was in the same bed with Djimlah.

Her eyes glistened in the semi-darkness. Our little bed faced the windows, where there were no curtains, and the light undisturbed was pouring in from the stars above, that we could see twinkling at us.

"Funny! funny! funny!" she kept saying to herself. "I thought you liked us — and oh! I do adore you so! I felt as if truly you were my own baby."

She had on a nightdress made of light brown cambric, with yellow and red flowers on it. Her hair was

tied at the top of her head with a yellow ribbon, from which was dangling a charm against the evil eye. It came over me how unlike a Greek child she was, and how very Turkish.

"Djimlah!" I cried, "you are not, and you shall not be my equal before God."

She crossed her hands on her breast and became lost in meditation. After a while she said: —

"There is no other god but God — and we are all his children. So they told me and I believe it — don't you?"

I shook my head. "There is Allah, and there is God," I replied. "And I am a Greek, and you are a Turk — and the Turks are very cruel people."

"Have we been cruel to you, all this long time you have come to see us?"

"No," I had to admit, "but you are cruel, just the same. If you will read history you will know how cruel you are; for when you took Constantinople, for days and nights you were killing our people and burning our homes." I was ready to weep over our past wrongs, and my blood was boiling. "I don't love you any more — and God does n't love you either."

Djimlah's eyes opened wide. "I don't understand. Let's go to grandmother: she will explain things to us."

"I don't want them explained. I shall go home tomorrow, and never, never, so long as I live, shall I again speak to you, or to any Turkish child."

At this Djimlah began to cry: at first softly, then yelling at the top of her lungs. This brought not only the old hanoum, but a bevy of the younger ones.

It took some time to pacify Djimlah, who managed to convey between her sobs that I, her own baby, "her own flesh and blood," as she put it, was no longer coming to see her, because she was a Turkish child and because Constantinople had been burned.

The old hanoum sent the younger women out of the room, put Djimlah on the hard sofa by the window, and wrapped her in a shawl. Then she came to me, tucked me in a blanket, and carried me near to Djimlah. After that she fetched two enormous Turkish delights with nuts in them, and two glasses of water.

"Both of you, eat and drink."

When this operation was over, she said quietly: "Now tell me all about it."

As well as I could, I told her of what Djimlah had said, and of my feelings on the subject.

"I don't want to be equal with her before God," I protested. "It is n't right; for she is a Turk, and I am a Greek."

"Well, my sweet *yavroum*, you are all mixed up about just where you stand before God. At present you stand nowhere, because you are only babies. As you grow older your place will be determined by your usefulness in the world, your kindness and gentleness, by the way you will treat your husband's mother and his other wives, and how healthy and well brought up his children will be. As to your being a Greek and Djimlah a Turk, that is only geography," she explained, vaguely. "When we shall die and go to God, we shall be that which we have made of ourselves."

"She says that we are wicked and brutal, and burned Constantinople, and killed the people," Djimlah moaned.

"That was because Allah willed it. Nothing happens without the will of Allah, and his word must be carried by the sword. We like you and love you, and could no more harm you than we could harm Djimlah." She leaned over and took me on her lap. "Now, *yavroum*, remember that Allah is father to you all, and he loves you equally well; and all you have to do is to love each other and be good and go to sleep, and that will please Him."

She kissed me, and drew Djimlah to us, and made us kiss each other.

A latent sense of justice made me recognize how

good she was; and although I did not relinquish my nationality as a bit of geography, I recognized that there was something in what she said. So I kissed the old hanoum, and kissed Djimlah, and obediently was led away to bed. Then she sat by us and sang us a little lullaby.

After she had left us, Djimlah put her arms around me and whispered: "Do you love me again? For I love you just the same, and when we grow up, let us marry the same effendi, and never be separated."

I did not go away the next day because Djimlah would not listen to it. She was afraid lest I should keep to my first intention, and never return. She wanted to talk over everything with me, which we did; and with the help of the old hanoum, her light and her kindness, I saw things a little better.

Just as my idea of the ferocity of the Turks in their homes had long ago vanished, so what they believed and taught God to be, appealed to me; and although I retained my own idea of the relative importance of the two races in this world, I could not help feeling that perhaps the old hanoum was right, and that our position before God was less a matter of creed and belief than of how we lived our lives.

CHAPTER VIII

YILDIRIM

As I look back on those years of close intimacy with Turkish children, and our various discussions and squabbles, I cannot but feel thankful for opportunities denied most children. And I can see now that a great deal of the hatred which separates the different creeds and nationalities is inculcated in our hearts, before we are capable of judging, by those who do their best to teach us brotherly love.

During the first year of our friendship, Djimlah and I played mostly alone. It is true that whenever other harems came to visit Djimlah's, and brought along girls of our age, we had to accept their presence — either with alacrity or reluctance, depending on what we had afoot. There were days when Djimlah and I were about to enact some chapter of the Arabian Nights, and then we little cared to be disturbed by outsiders; but Oriental politeness forced Djimlah to play the hostess.

I rarely invited her to my house. First, because my mother positively objected to Turks; and secondly, because I had so little to offer her. She would have to share my life, as I shared hers, and my life meant lessons, duties, and discipline; so I preferred

to go to her, and on Saturday nights I usually slept there.

We were quite happy by ourselves, because we made a very good team. Though we both liked to be generals, we alternated the generalship. At one time Djimlah led, the next she obeyed orders. Our generalship consisted in planning what sort of characters we were to be; and I am forced to confess that on the days of Djimlah's generalship things moved much better. Indeed, I had to spend half my time as general in explaining to her the Greek mythology, in order that she might understand the characters we were to represent, while on her days I knew the Arabian Nights as well as she.

Before the year was over, we admitted to our circle a third, little Chakendé, whose father was a subaltern of Djimlah's grandfather. Chakendé's home was not far from ours, yet we met her first by accident, and ever so far away from home.

It was on a hot August evening, once when I was spending the night with Djimlah. The heat was so great that even at seven o'clock the rooms were yet hot. The old hanoum said it was not necessary for us to go to bed until it became cool, and we were playing in the garden. We were up in a tall tree; for I had taught Djimlah to climb — a thing she took to much more naturally than to learning Greek

mythology. The tree was very tall, and its branches hung over the high garden wall which protected the haremlik from the world's eyes.

Presently a little urchin came and stood in the street below. Like a bird about to sing, he threw his head back, and in a clear, loud voice half chanted: "*Bou axan kaïïhri kavéshindé, ei karagiuzlar, kim istersin bouyour sun,*" which meant, "This evening at the café of Kairi there is to be a good show of Punch and Judy, and who wishes to come is welcome."

Having delivered his announcement, he walked a block farther on and chanted it again. By the time he was out of earshot, we had the words letter perfect, and began to chant it ourselves from the top of our tree. We were so pleased with our accomplishment that we scrambled down to earth, and proceeded to deliver it before each of the groups of women lying on rugs in the immense garden, waiting for the heat to lessen.

Then, with the privilege of our age, we penetrated into the selamlik, the men's quarters, and proceeded to the dining-room, where the old pasha, his sons, sons-in-law, and guests were dining. We mounted on the sofa, and hand in hand burst forth, imitating the street urchin as best we were able.

The men laughed till the tears came into their

eyes; then the old pasha bade us come to him, and taking one of us on each knee, he asked: —

"So the young hanoums wish to go, do they?"

"Go where?" we inquired.

"To the show of Punch and Judy."

"Can we?" we cried simultaneously.

"I believe so," the grandfather replied.

"Go now — this minute?"

The old man nodded.

It was a case of speechless delight with us.

The old pasha turned to his company. "I am going to take the little hanoums to the show, and who wishes to come is welcome."

We dashed back to the haremlik, and made ready in the greatest excitement. Our excitement was shared by all the women. They came in to see us made ready, and told us to be sure to remember everything in the show to repeat to them.

The show was given in a common garden café, such as the small bureaucracy and proletariat of Turkish masculinity frequents; but the Turks are essentially democratic, and our party did not mind this in the least.

The limits of the café were indicated by burlaps hung on ropes to screen the show from the unpaying eye. Within were seats at four cents apiece, and seats at two cents. Djimlah and I were installed in special

chairs at five cents, placed in front of the first row, which the men of our party occupied — and then the show opened.

It took place behind a piece of white cheesecloth, lighted by oil lamps, and a few wooden puppets acted the play. A great deal of swearing, beating, killing, and dying took place, in the most picturesque Turkish. The audience laughed to hysterics. As for Djimlah and me, we were simply delirious with joy. Nor did our pleasure end with that evening. We learned a lot of the vernacular of the piece, and the next day acted it for the delectation of the entire harem, who made us repeat it several times, Djimlah being half the characters, and I the other half.

When I tried to repeat my histrionic success at home, — being all the characters, — I saw my father give a glance at my mother, who, not knowing a word of Turkish, sat unperturbed, while our two men guests were doing their best to suppress their laughter. As I wanted my mother to enjoy it, too, I began to explain the whole thing to her, but by one of those cabalistic signs which existed between my father and myself, I understood that I had better not explain; and after we were alone, my father said to me: —

"You know mamma does not like Turkish things,

and you had better never explain them to her. As a rule I would rather have you tell them to me when we are all alone. And I should n't like you to repeat this piece again; for although it may be right for the actors to say all the things they did, it is better for little girls not to repeat them."

"But, father," I protested, frightfully disappointed, "Djimlah and I acted it all before her grandmother and the ladies of her household, and they made us repeat it several times."

"That is because they are Turks. We are Greeks, and that makes a very big difference."

It was at this Punch-and-Judy show that we met the little girl who was to become our constant companion. During an intermission her father came up to salute the old pasha, and brought little Chakendé with him. Immediately Djimlah's grandfather ordered an extra chair for the little girl, and told her to sit down beside us. She was very sweet-looking, about the age of Djimlah. We liked her so much that we asked her where she lived, and on hearing that it was not far from us, we invited her to come the next day to Djimlah's house.

This she did, and we liked her even better; for she submitted to us very gracefully. She never wavered in this attitude, but it was far from being a cowardly submission.

She was then engaged to be married to a boy in Anatolia, whose father had been a lifelong friend of her father's. The engagement had taken place when Chakendé was an hour old and the lad seven years old. By blood I considered Chakendé superior to Djimlah; for Djimlah's forefathers, for hundreds of years, had been officials, while Chakendé's had been warriors. They had been followers of the great Tartar ruler Timur-Leng, with whose people the Turks had been in constant warfare for centuries, now one side and then the other being victorious. It was this Timur-Leng who, early in the fifteenth century, frightfully defeated the Turks, in the great battle of Angora, and took Sultan Bajazet captive, and kept him prisoner in a cage till he died.

Chakendé was very proud of this descent, and although she was now half full of Turkish blood, yet she clung to her Tartar ancestry, and when she told me about the battles, her eyes lighted up and she was very pretty.

The lad to whom she was engaged, and whom she had not yet seen, was also of the same clan, and she already entertained for him much affection, and often spoke of him in such terms as, "my noble bey," "my proud betrothed."

The more we saw of her the better we liked her, not only because she submitted to us, but because

she fitted so well into all the parts we gave her to play, and we generally gave her such parts as we did not ourselves like to do. Whenever there was any fighting to do, she was ordered to do it, because she could give such a terrific yell, — the yell of the Timur-Leng Clan, she said, — and became so wild, and made the fighting seem so real, that we liked to watch her. And she was really brave; for she never minded worms — which made Djimlah and me wriggle like one.

Chakendé did not speak with dislike of the Turks to me. She looked upon them entirely as her people. "We have become one race," she said. "They are full of our blood, and we are full of theirs. Besides, we are of the same faith."

I could see, in spite of Djimlah's affection for me, and the old hanoum's kindness and tolerance, and of the politeness of all the Turks toward us, that they held a Christian to be inferior to a Mohammedan. They did not say much about it, but I felt that they considered themselves a superior race, by virtue of their origin and religion. As I grew older, I no longer entered into national or religious discussions. I did not even mind their feeling superior, since I knew that this feeling was all they had, and that the real superiority lay with us, and if they did not have this mistaken conceit, they would be very sorry for them-

selves. And in spite of my kindly feelings toward them, I was always aware that deep down in my heart was planted the seed of hatred toward them — a seed which was never to wither and die, even if it were not to grow very large.

I wonder if there will ever come a time when little children will be spared the planting of these seeds, when they will be brought up in the teaching that there is but one God and one nationality — or that the God and the nationality of other little children is as good as our own; that we are all brothers and sisters, linked together by Nature to carry out her work, and to give to each other the best that is in us? I wonder whether we shall ever be so trained as not to care whether our particular nation is big and powerful, but whether every human being is receiving the chance to develop the best in him, in order that he may give that best to the rest of the world?

The bond which existed between Djimlah and Chakendé often gave me food for thought. For centuries their people fought each other. Then they amalgamated and made one, loved each other, and shared each other's destiny. My people had fought their people, and they had conquered us — yet there was no amalgamation. My civilization stood on one side, and theirs on the other, and in that dividing line stood Christ and Mohammed, in-

surmountable barriers. I loved Djimlah, I loved Chakendé; but if any question arose, I was foremost a Greek, and they were Turks. They were Turks having the upper hand over us — a hand armed with a scourge. And if they kept that hand behind their back and I could not see it, I knew that it held the whip, and that at times they used it both heavily and unjustly. And I felt that my race must watch its opportunity to get hold of that whip.

The arrival of Chakendé, and later of Nashan and Semmaya, brought into my friendship with Djimlah a feeling which did not exist before. It is true that on the first day we met, Djimlah and I almost fought over the bravery of our respective nations, and her assumption of equality before God had almost ended our friendship; yet never by word or sign did she do anything to rouse our racial antagonism. But when we two grew into a group, and of that group I remained the only Greek, they sometimes forgot, and spoke unguardedly.

One day, for example, when Djimlah's grandfather had given each of us some money to spend, we were waiting for the afternoon vendor to pass, in order to buy candy. We waited for a long time, — unendurably long, we thought, — before the stillness of the afternoon vibrated with the words: —

"*Seker, sekerji!*"

We rushed to the door, pennies in hand, and stamped impatiently for the white-clad figure to come near. Then Chakendé exclaimed peevishly: —

"Oh, it is n't Ali. It's the Christian dog. Let's not buy of him — let's wait for Ali."

In an instant I was transformed. I was wholly the child of my uncle, wearing the Turkish yoke. I got hold of Chakendé's two long braids, and pulled and kicked — for when it came to real, not make-believe fighting, I was more than her equal.

Djimlah's courtesy and tact alone saved the situation. She immediately called to the Christian *sekerji*, and told us she was going to treat us with all her pennies. Moreover, she addressed herself most politely to the vendor, approved of his wares, and even praised his complexion to him.

Occurrences similar to this arose from time to time. If not often, still they did arise, and they served as water and air and sunshine to the little seed planted years before. I used to become so angry, and to strike them so hard and so quickly, that they nicknamed me "*yildirim*," which means thunderstorm.

Djimlah had a little boy cousin, Mechmet, who lived a short distance from her, and who sometimes came to play with her. He was nice and generous, and gave us ungrudgingly of whatever he had. He

was particularly nice to me, and I liked him because he had large blue eyes and light golden hair.

One day when we were playing together he said to me: "I like you ever so much, and when we grow up we can be married."

I shook my head: "That can't be, because you are a Turk and I am a Greek."

"That does n't matter. I shall make you my wife just the same," he answered confidently.

From a remote past there arose memories in me, memories perhaps acquired through reading, or lived in former existences, and pictures came before me of Greek parents weeping because a little girl was born to them — a little girl who, if she grew up to be pretty, would be mercilessly snatched from them and taken to a Turkish salemlik. And as picture succeeded picture, I became again entirely the child of my uncle, with a hatred for the Turks as ungovernable as it seemed holy.

Wild now, like a fierce little brute, I struck Mechmet, and struck and struck again; and at the sight of the blood flowing from his nose an exaltation possessed me. I was a girl, I could not carry arms — but with my own hands I could kill a Turkish boy, and be able to say to my uncle when we met in the other world: "Uncle, girl though I am, I have killed a Turk!"

Djimlah, after vainly imploring us to stop fighting, ran to the cistern and drew a bucket of cold water. In our battle we had fallen down, and Djimlah drenched us with water, and the icy shower stopped our battle.

In our room she was very severe with me. "Baby mine, I believe sometimes you are mad! Why, you ought only to be glad if a boy says he will marry you. What are girls for, but to be given to men and to bear them children?"

"Did I kill him?" I asked anxiously.

She thought I was frightened, and came over and smoothed my hair. "Of course, you did n't kill him; but he is much the worse for the beating you gave him."

Then I wept bitterly in utter contempt for myself at having failed in such a small task as killing just a little Turkish boy. Years afterwards, when I accidentally found myself in the midst of the Armenian massacres, I could appreciate, probably better than most spectators, the feeling of racial antipathy which gloried in the shedding of blood.

CHAPTER IX

I AM REMINDED OF MY SONS AGAIN

THE little girl who made the fourth of our group, was Nashan, whom I met under peculiar circumstances.

My father was in the habit of taking me with him whenever he went for a long walk. Generally other men were along, and their conversation consisted of politics, a subject which delighted me especially, though I could but half understand it.

On one such day we were walking on the St. Nicholas Road, which was long and wide, with the hills on one side, scattered cypress trees and the sea on the other. The sun was setting, the heat of the day was calming, and the Sea of Marmora, roused by the breeze, was rhythmically lapping the shore, and adding freshness to the hour.

My father, as usual, was discussing politics with another Greek, and I, my hoop over my shoulder, was holding fast to one of his long fingers, while my little feet heroically tried to keep step with the big feet beside them.

At a turn in the road we came upon a group of Turks, preceded by a little girl, seated astride a richly caparisoned donkey whose head was covered

with blue beads. She herself fairly outshone the donkey in gorgeousness. I knew her by sight, as children know each other, and she always aroused the liveliest interest in me on account of her costumes. I never wore anything myself except simple white linen, with an English sailor hat, my sole gold adornment the name of Her Majesty's dreadnought on its ribbon.

The first time I had encountered her, I had almost yelled at her, thinking she was dressed up for fun, but the calm dignity with which she had worn her ridiculous attire had convinced me that these were, indeed, her usual clothes.

To-day she had on a red velvet gown, trimmed with gold lace, and made in the latest Parisian fashion for grown-up women. Her silk-mittened hands, bejeweled with rings and bracelets, held a crop with a golden head, from which floated yards and yards of pale-blue ribbon. On her head perched a pink silk hat, adorned with large white ostrich plumes. Quite in contrast to all this, a lock of hair hung down the middle of her forehead, to which were tied pieces of garlic and various other charms to ward off the evil eye.

The men of her group saluted the men of mine. The little girl eyed me, and I frankly stared at her. When the men's *temenas* were ended, she piped up: —

"Father, this is the little girl I was telling you of — the one that always dresses in sheeting."

To think of a person dressed as she was criticizing *my* clothes. I rose on the points of my little white shoes, and extended an accusing finger at her: —

"And you are dressed like a *saltimbanque!*" I said.

A circus-rider was the only person with whom I felt I could properly compare her.

"Oh! it is not true," the little girl wailed. "I am dressed like a great lady."

The pasha, her father, smiled at my father. "*Zarar yok Effeddim!*" (They will some day be women.)

My father saluted, and apologized for me, and we went on our way. A few minutes later, although I knew it had not been his intention, we mounted the stone steps which led to a rustic, open-air café.

He chose a table apart from the others, and gave an order to the waiter. He said no word either to his companion or to me, but I knew that he was worried. After the waiter had filled his order and gone, he spoke: —

"My daughter, you have just insulted that child."

"But, father," I protested, "she insulted me first."

"She did not. Are you not dressed in the material of which sheets are made?"

"And is she not dressed like a *saltimbanque?*" I argued.

"That is an insult; for she thinks she is correctly dressed. Moreover, my child, we are the conquered race, and they are the masters here. So long as we *are* the conquered race, we must accept insults, but we are not in a position to return them. When you become a woman, teach this bitter truth to your sons, and maybe some day we shall no longer need to accept insults."

This was the first time my father had referred to my sons, and what I ought to teach them, since the day he had asked me not to think about them, but to get well and strong. He remained for some time after this, and so did his companion. When we had finished our refreshments, my father rose.

"We had better go home now. I fear that something may come out of this."

"I fear so, too," the other man said.

The first thing my father asked, at home, was whether a message had come from Saad Pasha. None had.

He sent me to my room without my customary kiss, and a vague terror brooded over me during the whole restless night.

The next morning when I went to my father's study and wished him good-morning, he only nodded

to me, and kept on reading his paper. I retreated to the window, where I occupied myself with breathing on the panes and tracing figures on them with the point of my forefinger. It was only a pretense of occupation, and I was alert for every movement of my father's, hoping he would relent and make friends again.

Presently the door of our garden opened, and admitted a Turkish slave, followed by another, carrying a much beribboned and beflowered basket on his head. I greatly wished to impart this news to my father; but, glancing at him, I decided that if I wished to remain in the room I had better stay quiet.

But what could be in the basket? I might have gone to inquire, except that I feared if I left the heaven of the study, its doors might close behind me. Besides, if the basket were for my father, it would be presently brought in; perhaps I should be permitted to open it, and — from experience I knew that such baskets often contained the sweetest of sweets. So I waited quietly.

The door opened. Instead of the basket, my mother entered, a perplexed frown on her forehead, a letter in her hand.

"What is it?" my father asked, rising.

"Here is a letter which came with a basket from Saad Pasha. I cannot read it. It is in Turkish."

My father took the letter and read it, and as he did so an expression of relief came into his face.

"His wife invites you to go to her at once."

"What!" my mother cried, — "I go to her? *I!* And pray why?"

My father pointed to me. "This is the why"; and he related the incident of the previous evening.

"I will not go!" My mother stamped her foot. "I have never crossed a Turk's threshold, and I hope to die without doing so."

My father walked up and down the room twice. At length he said slowly: —

"There is the choice of crossing this Turkish threshold — because you are bidden to — or all of us may have to cross the frontier, leaving home and comfort behind us. Saad Pasha is a powerful man, — at the present moment the favorite in the palace, — and our child has insulted his."

Both my parents remained silent for a minute, and my childish heart burned with hatred for these Turks, who were our masters. It seemed as if I could never live a month without having to hate them anew.

"I cannot speak their dreadful language," my mother protested, half yielding.

"Take this child with you," my father said, pointing again at me. It was dreadful to be called "this child."

Half an hour later I was driving by my mother's side to the *koniak* of the powerful pasha.

My mother had said the truth. She had never crossed the threshold of a haremlik; and to her all Turks, be they men, women, or children, were pestiferous beings. She hated them as loyally and as fervently as she worshiped her Christian God, and adored her own flag. She was a Greek of the old blood, who could believe nothing good of those who, four hundred years before, had conquered her people and beheaded her patriarch.

And now, because of her daughter's misbehavior, she was forced to obey the summons of a Turkish woman. It was cruel and humiliating, and, child though I was, I felt this.

The large doors of the *koniak* were thrown open, as soon as our carriage stopped before them. The immense hall within was filled with women, in many-colored garments and beflowered headdresses. And as they salaamed to the floor, they looked like huge flowers bending before the wind. A number of times they rose and fell, rhythmically. Then a lovely lady, in the old Anatolian costume, advanced and greeted us.

There is no language in the world which lends itself so prettily to yards and yards of welcoming words as Turkish. I translated the phrases, full of perfume

and flowers, which formed such a harmony with the ladies and the home we were in, until even my mother was touched by the pomp with which we were received; and the words full of exotic charm and courtesy did much to assuage her bitterness.

I could see that she was even beginning to take an interest in this life so entirely new to her. When the Turkish lady went on to say that she was a stranger in this land; that she had come from faraway Anatolia because her Lord-Master and Giver of Life was now near the Shadow of Allah on Earth, and that she wished guidance, my mother relented considerably. She had expected to be treated *de haut en bas:* instead, she was received not only as an equal, but as one possessing superior knowledge.

With the same pomp and ceremony we were escorted upstairs, where we were served sweatmeats and coffee; and again sweetmeats and sorbets. Then water was poured from brass pitchers into brass bowls; we rinsed our hands and wiped them on embroidered napkins.

The sweet-faced lady spoke again, and I translated.

She wished to know whether her little Nashan was dressed like a great lady, or like — whatever the word was.

"My mother has never seen Nashan," I volunteered.

Thereupon Nashan was brought in, clad in a pale-green satin gown, low-necked and short-sleeved, in perfect fashion for a European lady going to a ball.

My mother surveyed her doubtfully.

"Is she dressed like a great lady?" the hanoum asked.

My mother pronounced her dressed like a lady.

The hanoum scrutinized my mother's countenance.

"Ask your mother why she does not dress you the same way?" she said.

The reply was that I was too little for such a gown.

"How old are you?" the hanoum inquired.

"I am nine" — and I should have added some remarks of my own about Nashan's dress, had not the memory of the results of recent observations of mine been still too fresh.

"My little Nashan is eleven. Ask your mother whether she will dress you like my Nashan the year after next."

"No," was the reply.

"Why not? Is it because you have not so much money as we have, and because your father is not so powerful as my lord?"

That was not the reason.

Again the hanoum scrutinized my mother, from her hat to her boots, and back again.

"Why is your mother dressed so somberly? Is she a sad woman, or is her master a stingy man?"

In very polite words my mother conveyed to her that European women did not wear gaudy clothes on the streets. And little by little, with the help of a child's interpretation, the woman from the remote district of Anatolia comprehended that her child was not dressed as a well-bred European child would be.

Tears of mortification came into her eyes.

"To think," she wailed, "that I, who love my only baby so dearly and who have made for her a gown for every day of the month, should only have contrived to make her ridiculous!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Nashan, "am I then dressed like a *saltimbanque*, and not like a great lady?"

The mother folded her little one in her arms, kissed away her tears, and tried to comfort her.

"My little Rose Petal, thy mother has made a mistake. She begs thee, Seed of Glorious Roses, to forgive her. Say so, my little one; say that thou forgivest thy ignorant mother."

"I love my mother!" the child sobbed. "I love my mother!"

"Then, dry thy tears, my little Petal; for the lady here will help us."

With a humility perhaps only to be found among Turkish women, a humility which yet was self-re-

specting and proud, the wife of the powerful pasha placed herself entirely under the guidance of the wife of a Greek.

This was the beginning of my friendship with Nashan. Thenceforth she dressed in "sheeting" and was educated in a scrupulously European manner. Masters were engaged to teach her French and music. The hanoum accepted every bit of advice my mother gave her, save one: she would not consent to a resident foreign governess.

"No," she said, in her humble yet determined way, "I will not give up my child entirely to a foreign woman. Her character belongs to *me*, and by me alone it shall be moulded."

Naturally I saw a great deal of Nashan, and we came to love each other dearly. She had brought from Anatolia, along with her adorable little face, something of the character of her untamed mountains. As we grew from year to year, we used, childlike, to talk of many things we little understood; and once she said to me: "I am sure of the existence of Allah; for at times He manifests Himself to me so quickly that I believe He lives within me."

At such moments as these I believe the real Nashan was uppermost. Generally speaking, I am sorry to say, she more and more lost her native simplicity,

with her acquirement of European culture, and more openly despised the customs of her own country.

Her early velvet and satin gowns were given us to play with; and many a rainy day we spent in adorning ourselves with her former gorgeousness. Then Nashan would stand before me and humorously demand: —

"Am I a great lady, or am I a *saltimbanque?*"

CHAPTER X

THE GARDEN GODDESS

It was natural that I should bring Nashan to Djimlah, and that she should become the fourth of our group. Mechmet, and his brother Shaadi, also often came to spend the day at Djimlah's, and joined in our games.

Djimlah's grandmother was desirous that we four girls should have some of our lessons together, and my mother, from the distance, could only acquiesce in this. Thus I saw them daily; and the more frequent contact brought forth more frequent causes for warfare between us. And when they were all together, the fact of their being Turks became more emphasized, and within me there burned the desire to dazzle them with what the Greeks really had been in the world.

The way came to me one night when Sleep totally deserted me, and in its stead Inspiration sat by my pillow. Since they knew absolutely nothing of Greek history, I would tell it to them as a story. Feverishly I sketched it all out in my head. I would begin at the very beginning, showing them how Prometheus stole the divine fire to create the Greeks. The Turks should come into the tale under the name of Pelas-

gians, — yes, I would call them Pelasgians, while the Greeks should be called Prometheans. I could tell a story very well, at the time, and I hugged my pillow fervently at the thought of my three companions breathlessly listening to the recital of the great deeds of the Greeks — and loathing the Turks for all their misdoings. And when I had them properly moved, I should explain to them that this was not a story, but real history: that the Prometheans were the Greeks, and the Pelasgians were the Turks. And I should conclude: "You may call yourselves the proud Osmanlis, and you may think that you are the chosen people of Allah, but this is what History thinks of you — that's what you are to the world."

I was so excited to begin my work that I slept no more that night. Yet on the very next day I learned that my most inconsiderate parents had decided to go for a few months to the Bosphorus. It always struck me as the worst side of grown-ups that they never considered the plans of the little ones. They will teach you, "It is not polite to interrupt papa or mamma with your affairs when they are busy" — while papa or mamma are only talking silly, uninteresting stuff which might very well be interrupted. Yet how often, when I was intently watching a cloud teaching me his art of transforming himself from a

chariot to an immense forest, or from a tiger to a bevy of birds, mamma would interrupt without even apologizing; and were I to say to her, "Just wait a minute," — as mamma thousands of times said to me, — I should be called a rude little girl.

Thus it happened that when my life's work was unfolded before my eyes by an inspiration, I was snatched away to that outlandish place, the Bosphorus.

And there, about a quarter of a mile from the house we took, with nothing between us but fields and gardens, lived a Turkish general and his family. I do not recall his name, for every one spoke of him as the Damlaly Pasha, which means "the pasha who has had a stroke."

His was a modest house, surrounded by a garden, the wall of which had tumbled down in one place, offering a possible means of ingress to a small child of my activity. Some day I meant to avoid the vigilance of the elders and to penetrate into the heart of that unknown garden; for the opening was forever beckoning to me. But though I had not yet been able to do so, I had already managed to peep into it, — and there I had seen a young woman picking flowers, who seemed to me the embodiment of a fairy queen.

Every Friday morning the general went over to Constantinople, to ride in the sultan's procession, as

I afterwards learned. He wore his best uniform, and his breast was covered with medals. A eunuch and a little girl always accompanied him to the landing, and their way led past our house.

Being lonely at the time, I took a great interest in the happenings on our road, and I learned to wait every Friday morning for the queer trio: the gorgeously uniformed and bemedaled old general, painfully trailing his left foot; the old, bent eunuch, in a frock coat as old and worn-out as himself; and the fresh little girl, with all her skirts stuffed into a tight-fitting pair of trousers.

I thought her quite pretty, in spite of the ridiculous trousers. Her hair was light, as is the color of ripe wheat, and her eyes were as blue as if God had made them from a bit of his blue sky. I nicknamed her "Sitanthy," and used to make up stories about her, and was always wondering what her relationship was to the old general. Once I heard her call him father, but I felt sure he could not be that. To my way of thinking a father was a tall, slim, good-looking person. The other species of men were either uncles, or grandfathers, or, worse yet, bore no relationship to little girls, but were just so many stray men.

I never contemplated talking to the little girl — she was to me almost a fictitious character, like one

of the people I knew and consorted with in our Greek mythology — until fate brought us together.

One wonderful, mysterious summer evening thousands of fireflies were peopling the atmosphere. I had never seen so many before, and wanted to stay up and play with them. But the tyranny of the elders decreed that I should be put to bed at the customary hour, as if it had been any ordinary night.

I believe few of the elders retain the powers of childhood, which see far beyond the confines of the seen world — else why should they have insisted on my leaving this romantic world outside, which was beckoning me to join its revels?

However, they did put me to bed, and as usual told me to shut my eyes tight and go to sleep. But shutting one's eyes does not make one go to sleep. On the contrary, one sees many more things than before. The beauty of the night had intoxicated me. I was a part of Nature, and she was claiming me for her own. There was a pond in our garden where frogs lived. They, too, must have felt the power of to-night's beauty; for they were far more loquacious than usual. I listened to them for a long time, — and presently I understood that they were talking to me.

"Get up, little girl!" they were saying. "Get up, little girl!"

For hours and hours they kept this up, now softly and insinuatingly, then swelling into loud command.

They ended by persuading me. I crept from my bed, put on my slippers, threw over my "nighty" the pink little wrap with its silklined hood, and went out on the balcony outside of my window. From there I slid down one of the columns, and before I knew it, was on the ground. Supreme moment of happiness! I was free — free to revel in the wonders of the night, free from vigilance and from orders.

Clasping my wrap closely around me, I first went to the pond, and told the frogs that I was up.

"That's right, little girl!" they answered me. "That's right, little girl!" But that was all they had to say to me, so I left them and gave myself up to the deliciousness of being out of bed at an hour when all well-regulated children should be in bed — according to the laws of the elders.

The fireflies laughed and danced with me, twinkling in and out of the darkness. They seemed like thousands of little stars, who, tired of contemplating the world from the heights above, like me had escaped vigilance, and, deserting the firmament, had slid down to the earth to play.

What a lot they had to say to me, these cheerful little sparks. On and on we wandered together. They always surrounded me — almost lifting me

from the ground; and occasionally I succeeded in catching one and sticking it on my forehead, till I had quite a cluster, so close together that I must have looked like a cyclops, with one fiery eye in the middle of my forehead.

We came into the fields where the daisies and poppies were sleeping together, and passing through still another field, we arrived at the place where the Damlaly Pasha lived. Then I knew that the opening in the wall and the goddess inside had invited me to call on them that night.

Climbing over the opening was not an easy task; for my bedroom slippers were soft, and the stones of the tumble-down wall were hard and sharp. But I accomplished it. As for the fireflies, they had no difficulty; they flew over the wall as if it were not there at all.

Inside, the sense of real exploration came over me. The garden was old-fashioned, where the flowers grew helter-skelter, as they generally do in Turkish gardens. How delicious was the perfume of the flowers. I felt sure that, like me and the fireflies and the frogs and the nightingales, the flowers here were awake — and not like the daisies and poppies, who are sleepy-heads. But in vain did I look for my goddess. She was not there.

Presently another little form came moving along

through the bushes. We met in the shrubbery. I pushed aside the branches, put my face through, and in Turkish I said:—

"Hullo, Sitanthy!"

"Hullo!" she answered. "What did you call me?"

"Sitanthy," I replied. "That's your name. I gave it to you. It is the blue flower in the wheat — because you look like one of them."

"That's pretty," Sitanthy commented. "And what is *your* name?"

I told her.

"I know who you are," she went on. "You are the solitary child who lives on the road to the landing, and who never plays."

"I do play!" I cried.

"How can you? You are always sitting still."

"I play most when I am most still."

"Yours must be a funny game," she observed; "for when *I* sit still, I go to sleep."

Across the bushes we leaned and kissed each other. With her fingers Sitanthy took hold of my cheeks and told me that she loved me.

"I have loved *you* ever since we came to live here," I said, "because you are so pretty."

"Are you pretty?" she inquired politely. "You have the largest eyes of any one in the world."

"They are not really so large," I corrected her.

"They only look so, because my face is little. I know it for a fact, because one day I measured with a thread those of my father, and they were every bit as large as mine."

We linked arms and walked about the garden. She still wore her ridiculous trousers.

"Did n't they put you to bed?" I asked.

"No. I did n't want to go, — and I don't go unless I want to."

I stared at her in amazement. "And do the elders let you?"

She nodded.

"They put *me* to bed every night — at the same hour," I confided, with great pity for myself.

She put her arm around me and kissed me, and though she said nothing I knew that she felt the tragedy of this.

We plucked dew-soaked flowers together, talking all the time of those things which belong to childhood alone; for children are nearer to the world from which they have come, and when they meet they naturally talk of the things they remember, and which the elders have forgotten — and because they have forgotten, call unreal.

We caught some fireflies for her forehead, too, and thus we were two cyclopses instead of one. I had to tell Sitanthy about them; for she, being a Turkish

child, knew nothing of them. Then I inquired about the goddess of the garden; but Sitanthy only said that there was no young woman in their house except their *halaïc*.

When I was ready to go, she let me out of the gate, and I started back to my home. I was a little cold. A heavy dew was falling, and my "nighty" was wet, and so was the flimsy pink wrapper. As for my slippers, they became so soaked through that I discarded them in one of the fields.

I meant to return to my bed as quietly as I had come out, but on reaching our garden I knew that my escape had been discovered. A light was burning in my bedroom, and other lights were moving to and fro in the house, and there were lanterns in the garden.

I walked up to the nearest lantern. Happily it was in the hands of my father. To scare him I imitated the croak of a frog.

"Oh, baby!" he cried. "Oh, baby, where have you been?"

I confided my whole adventure to him, because of all the elders I have known — except my brother, who was one of the immortals of Olympus — my father seemed, if not to remember, at least to understand.

That night I was not scolded. The wet clothes

were replaced by warm ones, and I was only made to drink a disagreeable *tisane*. And since, in spite of the *tisane*, I did catch cold and for two days was feverish, I escaped even a remonstrance.

Yet my escapade had one lasting good result. It led to my friendship with Sitanthy — and finally to the goddess of the garden.

On the following Friday, although I was still not quite well, I begged to be permitted to sit by the window. The trio for whom I was waiting came, but sooner than their customary hour. From afar Sitanthy waved her little hand to me. Then, instead of passing by, as usual, all three came up to our house, and the old general ceremoniously delivered a letter addressed to my father — who at once came out, and accompanied them to the gate. When my father returned, he said that on her way back the little girl was to stay and play with me.

On this first visit, Sitanthy told me her history. She was the only child of the only son of the old general and his hanoum. Her father was killed in one of those wars, unrecorded by history, which the sultan wages against his unruly subjects in remote, unmapped corners of Asia. But if these wars are not recorded by history, their record is written with indelible ink in the hearts of the Turkish women; for every one means the loss of brothers, fathers,

husbands, and sons, whose deaths are reported, if at all, long after they have been laid away in unknown graves.

Sitanthy's mother died from a broken heart, and thus my little friend was all that remained to the old couple.

"I wear these trousers," she explained, "to afford pleasure to my grandparents. You see I'm only a girl, and it must break their hearts to have a boyless home, so I saved all my pennies and bought these trousers to give the household an air of possessing a boy."

I hugged her, and never again thought of her trousers as ridiculous.

In the simple way Turkish children have, she also told me the affairs of her home. The household consisted of her grandfather, her grandmother, the old eunuch, a cook older than the eunuch, and a young slave — the *halaïc*.

A *halaïc* is a slave who is plain, and consequently cannot be given in marriage to a rich husband; nor is she clever enough to become a teacher; nor does she possess that grace and suppleness which might make of her a dancing-girl. Having thus neither mental nor physical attributes, she becomes a menial.

She does all the coarsest work; and after seven years of servitude, if she belongs to a generous master,

she is either freed, with a minimum dowry of two hundred and fifty dollars, or is given in marriage, with a larger dowry, to one of the menservants in the retinue of the household.

It is said that sometimes, if her master be either poor or cruel, he sells her before her time expires, and thus she passes from house to house — a beast of burden, because Allah has given her neither cleverness, nor bodily beauty, nor grace; and men cheat her of her freedom and youth.

Thus, knowing exactly what a *halaïc* was, I laughed at Sitanthy when, in answer to my question about the goddess of her garden, she replied: "It must be our *halaïc* — she is the only young woman in our household."

After I was entirely well again, I was permitted to go with Sitanthy to play in her garden. I went with great expectations, for I hoped that by daylight and with all the afternoon before me, I could find out something about my goddess.

On entering the garden, the first person I encountered was she, — and what I saw stabbed my heart. My goddess was harnessed to the old-fashioned wooden water-wheel at the well, and with eyes shut was walking around and around, drawing up water.

We had a similar arrangement in our own garden,

but it was a blindfolded donkey who did the work — not a goddess.

She was dressed in a loose, many-colored bright garment, held in at the waist by a wide brass belt. A yellow veil was thrown over her head; her bare arms were crossed on her breast; and bathed in the light of that summer day, with eyes closed, she was doing this dreadful work, without apparent shame, without mortification.

On the contrary, she seemed unaware of the degradation of her work. She could not have looked more majestic or more beautiful had she been a queen in the act of receiving a foreign ambassador. But I, who loved her and called her my goddess, felt her shame, and tears of rage sprang to my eyes.

Saturated as I was with Greek mythology, there came to my mind the thought of Danaë, daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, and mother of Perseus. Because she refused to listen to the love-words of the king who received her, after her father exiled her, she was condemned to similar work.

A great excitement seized me. I thought that the story I had read did not belong to the past — that it was being enacted in that very place — at that very hour — and before my own eyes. Nay, more! *I* was a Greek runner, ordered by the gods of Olympus to announce to her the return of her son.

Possessed by the conviction, I rushed up to her, and stopped her in her work.

"Hail to thee, Danaë!" I cried. "Perseus, your son, is coming, bringing the head of Medusa, and with it he will turn into stone those who are ill-treating you."

She opened her eyes and gazed at me with a puzzled expression.

I repeated my words, my enthusiasm a trifle dampened by her reception of them. When I had explained everything to her, and had given her every detail of Danaë's life and her son's achievements, a smile broke over her face. Of all our visible signs, the soul comes nearest to speaking in the smile. When the *halaïc* smiled, it was as if God were peeping through the clouds.

"You adorable baby! You adorable Greek baby!" she laughed.

She unharnessed herself, and took me in her arms, and she held me there as a nest must hold a little bird. How "comfy," how motherly her arms were. She sat down on a stump and cuddled me in her lap; and I, pushing aside her dress at the throat, kissed her where she was the prettiest.

"Why are you a *halaïc?*" I moaned. "Why do you have to be a donkey — you who are beautiful as a Greek nymph?"

Her face softened, her eyes became misty, and her lips quivered, yet remained wreathed in smiles. Silently she patted me, and I spoke again of the cruelty of her position.

"Well, well, *yavroum*, you see the old people are very poor. They have no money this month to engage a donkey, and the men on this place are too old for such hard work. I am young and strong, so I do it."

"But why are you a *halaïc?*" I repeated.

She laughed. "I am not exactly a *halaïc*, for I am a free woman. I may go if I please — only I please to stay. The old hanoum brought me up. I love her. She is old and poor. She needs me, and I stay."

Just then Sitanthy came out of the house, and claimed a part of the lap which I was occupying, and there we both sat for a while. But the *halaïc* had much to do, and presently we were sent off to play.

I questioned Sitanthy about her.

"She will pine away some day and die," Sitanthy said.

My eyes grew larger. "Never!" I cried. "She is immortal."

Sitanthy shook her head. "Oh, yes, she will; for her ailment is incurable. Her heart is buried in a grave."

In vain I implored for more explanations. With

maddening precision Sitanthy reiterated the same words. She had heard her grandmother say this, and being a child of her race, she accepted it as final. Her mind received without stimulating her imagination. But I was a Greek child, with a mind as alert, an imagination as fertile as hers were placid and apathetic.

The *halaïc* became the heroine of my day-dreams. There was not a tale which my brain remembered or concocted in which she did not figure. My soul thirsted for knowledge of her affairs. They beckoned to me as forcibly as had the tumble-down wall, and I meant some day to penetrate her secrets.

She had said that the old hanoum had brought her up, and that the old hanoum was very poor. That was one more reason why she should have been given a great marriage. Any rich Turk would have been willing to pay a fortune for such as she. In the East we talk of these things openly, as common occurrences; and since my intimacy with Djimlah I unconsciously had learned a great deal about Turkish customs.

The affairs of the *halaïc* quite absorbed me. I watched her carefully. She never looked sad, or even tired. She performed her menial duties as if they were pleasant tasks, like arranging flowers in vases. She did everything, from being the donkey

of the well, to beating the rugs, washing the linen, and scrubbing the floors.

In the early fall, toward sunset, one day, I met her for the first time outside the garden wall. I was being taken home to supper, and she was mounting a hill leading to the forest of Belgrade. She passed me without seeing me, her eyes on the horizon, a mysterious smile on her lips. My heart leaped at the radiance of her appearance. She was like the embodiment of all the Greek heroines of myth and history. The wondrous expression on her face so moved me that I had to sit down to keep my heart from leaping from my breast.

"Come now, mademoiselle," said the elder, who was with me, "you know you are already late for your supper."

On any other occasion I should have kicked my governess, but the face of the *halaïc* had sobered me. Obediently I walked home, but I did not eat much supper.

The next time I saw Sitanthy I told her of my meeting with the *halaïc*.

Sitanthy nodded. "She was going to her hour of happiness. She lives for that hour. She has it from time to time."

In vain I begged for more particulars. Sitanthy was the most Asiatic of all the Turkish children I

have known. She could tell me stories of her world; but her world appeared to her as matter-of-fact and unromantic as the world of the elders.

Whenever I saw the *halaïc* she was lovely to me. She smothered me with kisses, and she scolded me kindly whenever I needed it, which was pretty often. But there was a patrician reserve about her which kept me from questioning her. She was tender, but at times cruel. She would laugh at things which choked my throat with a big lump. Damlaly Pasha's household was poor. They lived on his pension, which was generally in arrears; for the Orientals know no fixed time, and the Turkish Government is the most Oriental factor in their Oriental lives.

There came days when the exchequer of the household was reduced to small coins, which the hanoum kept tied in a knot in one of the corners of her indoor veil. She always gave us two cents, when I visited there; and Sitanthy and I would call the *simitzi*, passing by with his wares on his head, and we would buy four of his delectable *simit*, big enough to wear as bracelets — until we had eaten them. Then came afternoons when we were given only one cent, and each of us had only one *simit;* and then there was a time when the hanoum had not even a cent, and she wept because she could not buy us *simit*. That was the day that the *halaïc* was cruel. She laughed at

the sorrow of her mistress, and derided her; and the old hanoum was so mortified that she stopped crying at once.

It happened that one day I was taken suddenly ill, while playing with Sitanthy; and the old hanoum sent word to my home, begging leave to keep me in her house, in order that I should not be moved, and imploring to be trusted. It was the *halaïc* who took care of me. She made up two little beds, and herself slept between them. The old hanoum brought a brazier into the room, filled with lighted charcoal, and on it she heated olive oil in a tin saucer. When it was very hot they took off my nightgown, sprinkled dried camomiles all over me, and the *halaïc*, dipping her hands into the scorching oil, began to rub me. She rubbed and rubbed, till I screamed, and was limp as a rag. But I fell into refreshing slumber immediately afterwards.

When I awoke, dripping with perspiration, the *halaïc* was changing my nightgown. Then she put me into the other little bed, which was warm and dry. Some hours later I again awoke, and saw the *halaïc* moving about the room on tiptoe. She threw a cloak over her shoulders, and, with the caution of a cat about to lap forbidden milk, stole out of the room. I sat up in my bed and wondered what she was doing. Then I arose and went to the window. The last

quarter of the moon lighted the garden, and distinctly I saw the *halaïc* disappearing into a group of cypresses.

In an instant I wrapped a shawl around me, and went down after her. When I next caught sight of her she did not move like a cat any more. She held in each hand a lighted candle, home-made and aromatic, and she was going in and out among the trees, as if she were playing a game, and all the time mumbling something that seemed to be a rhyme. Then she crouched low on the ground and exhorted Allah to be merciful and forgive her — It was a word I did not understand, and the next day I had forgotten it.

After a time she rose, put the ends of the lighted candles between her lips, went to the well, and drew water from it with a small tin cup tied to a string. She watered all the trees of this clump, counting the drops as they fell: "*Bir, iki, utch, dort, besh, alti, yedi.*" On the seventh she always stopped, and went on to the next tree. She did all the counting without dropping the lighted candles from her mouth — which was very hard; for I tried it a few days later.

After the watering was ended, she blew out the candles, fell prone on the earth, and begged Allah the Powerful, Allah the Almighty, to forgive her. She wailed and wept, and told Allah over and over

that she was doing everything according to his bidding, for the sake of his forgiveness. Hidden in the shrubbery, close by, I wondered what could be the crime of that radiant creature, who had enthralled and captivated my imagination.

At length she rose, and danced a weird dance to the mouse-eaten-looking moon, in turn beseeching her: —

"Queen of the Night, Guardian of Womanly Secrets, Mother of Silent Hours — intercede for me — help me!"

She danced on and on, till she was quite worn out, and fell on the ground weeping.

I could endure no more; besides, my teeth were chattering, and all the aches which were so especially my own took possession of my frail body again. I came out of my hiding-place to where the *halaïc* lay. She looked up at me, bewildered. Then she rose on her knees, and touched me with her fingers, as if to ascertain that I were a living child. She peered into my face through the tears in her eyes — and I, quite afraid now, said not a word.

At length she broke the silence.

"Is that you, Greek baby?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody. I came."

She extended her palms upward. Her face took on one of her mystic smiles.

"Allah," she said softly; "Allah, thou forgivest me, the unworthy."

For a long time she prayed to that power whom she called Allah, and I knew to be God. When her prayers were at an end, she gathered me to her heart, and kissed me with love and fervent exaltation; and thus carried me into the house. Again she rubbed me with hot oil, and in order to warm me better, she took me into her bed, and I slept, held fast in her arms.

The next day I must have been quite ill, and she never left me; for every time I opened my eyes she was there, crouching by me, wearing her radiant smile, which would have coaxed any truant soul to return to earth. At any rate, it coaxed mine, which came again, though reluctantly, to inhabit my poor little body.

On the first day that I really felt better and could sit up, I took advantage of her devoted attendance to question her.

"What have you done so monstrous and wicked, which Allah must forgive you?"

After a moment's thought, she answered me, simply and directly: —

"I gave not myself to a man, as Allah ordains

that every woman should do, and I have given no children to multiply the world."

For hours I puzzled over these words; but in the end I did get at their meaning. New vistas, new horizons opened to my brain. What she meant, of course, was that she was not married.

In the middle of that night I awoke — and I woke her, too. I sat up in bed, determined to ask, till all was told to me.

"Then, why don't you marry?" I demanded peremptorily.

"Now, *yavroum*, you go to sleep. You are only a baby, and you cannot understand."

"I'm not a baby!" I cried. "I know heaps and heaps of things, and if you don't tell me, I shall not go to sleep — and what is more I shall uncover myself and catch my death of cold. So please tell me why you don't marry."

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

"Because he whose children I should have been happy to bear is forever buried, beyond that hill, in the forest of Belgrade."

"That cannot be," I said skeptically; "there is no cemetery there."

"No, *yavroum*," she said softly, "but he lies there; for I buried him."

Through the curtainless windows the stars were lending us light. The face of the *halaïc* shone sweet and tender, full of womanly charm and loveliness. My little hand slipped into hers. Who shall deny that we have lived before, that each little girl has been a woman before? Else why should I, a mere child, have understood this grown-up woman; and why should she, a woman, have thus spoken to me? There we sat, our mattresses on the floor, as near to each other as possible, holding each other's hands while the stars were helping us to see — and perhaps to understand.

"Like you, he was a Greek, and like you he said things about nymphs and goddesses. He said that I was one of them, and he loved me. Some day soon I was to be his. But in our household then there was another man who vowed that no infidel should possess me. We were living at the time over the hill, in the outskirts of the forest of Belgrade. One night when the moon was at its waning, like the night you saw me in the garden, that man killed my lover. I buried him — myself — in the forest of Belgrade, and have tended his grave for these seven years. I do everything to please Allah, and I never complain. To avert the punishment which is allotted in the other world to the women who have not done his will, I exhort him, according to the prescribed

magics. It is said that if, during these rites, some time, a child should come, it is Allah himself who sends it, to show that he understands and forgives, — and you came, *yavroum*, the other night."

She bent over and kissed me gratefully.

"I shall work all my life for nothing, doing everything to help others, in the hope that when I die, I shall be made very young and very beautiful and shall be given to the lord, my lover. And maybe, *yavroum*," she added, almost in a whisper, "I may have a baby like you — for you are a Greek baby, and he was a Greek."

I cuddled very close to her and kissed her, my arms wound around her neck, and went to sleep.

After that I no longer minded her being a *halaïc*, and even at times being the donkey. For wherever I saw her, and in whatever occupation, her background was always the Elysian fields. There she walked in the glory of her beauty, and in company with her Greek lover.

CHAPTER XI

MISDEEDS

I DID miss Djimlah and Chakendé and Nashan, yet the *halaïc* made up for a great deal, and what is more, knowing now that some day she would go to heaven and meet her Greek lover, I was telling *her* the Greek history, or rather that part of the Greek history when the Greeks were intermarrying with the gods.

It is a pity that the world should be so large, and that we should have to go from place to place, leaving behind those we have learned to love. When the time arrived for me to go back to the island, I wept copiously. I did so mind leaving behind Sitanthy and especially the *halaïc*. She, however, in spite of the sorrow she felt at bidding me good-bye, kept on saying: "Think, *yavroum*, you might never have come, and that would have been far worse. Besides, we must submit to Allah's will gladly, and not weep and show him our unwillingness to obey."

It is three hours from the Bosphorus to the islands, by going from the Bosphorus to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to the islands. Tears kept on coming to my eyes from time to time, while the boat was steaming on; yet no sooner did I get a glimpse of our own island and our own pine trees

than I forgot the *halaïc* and Sitanthy and my sorrow, and in spite of the people on the boat, I burst forth into a loud song of joy. I never could carry a tune, and there was little difference between my singing and the miauling of a cat; yet whenever I was particularly happy I had to express it by song, and only a peremptory order would stop me. And while I sang, looking at the island, I was only thinking of the three playmates I was to see, and the *halaïc* and Sitanthy were forgotten, as if they had never existed. My thoughts were on the three, and on the pleasure they would experience when they saw me returning to them — as, indeed, they did.

That year was a memorable one in our lives, because it was the last in which my three playmates would be permitted to go out uncovered and play with children of both sexes. They were now nearing the age in which little Turkish girls become women, must don the *tchir-chaff* and *yashmak*, hide themselves from the world, and prepare for their womanhood. I was, of course, always to continue seeing them and visiting them, but they could no longer enjoy the freedom they had enjoyed up to now — now that they were to become women.

I found all three deep in the study of foreign languages. In the spring of that year Djimlah's grandmother decided that it would be very good for

the three Turkish girls to go twice a week and spend the morning at Nizam, where all the European children congregated. She wanted Djimlah to see as much of the European world as possible before she was secluded. It was thus that we all four, accompanied by our French teacher, went to the pine forest of Nizam. We did not like this as much as staying at home and playing by ourselves; but the old hanoum was quite insistent, and for the first time made us do what she thought best.

It interfered greatly with my scheme of introducing my companions into the wonders of Greek history, because now that I was a little older my mother refused to let me spend the nights with Djimlah, and since our time was quite filled with studies, the only hours we had for story-telling were those in which we had to mingle with other children.

However, it was interesting, and the different acquaintances we made taught us a lot of games we should never have thought of by ourselves. I cannot say that we liked our new acquaintances particularly; at any rate, we did not love any of them. They were mostly silly, we thought, and the English girls were stiff and we did not care for the way they spoke French. Besides, most of them had large, protruding teeth, which we thought very unbecoming to girls. We used to call them "Teeth."

It was there in the pines that we met Semmeya Hanoum. She was much older than any of us, and she ought to have been wearing the *tchir-chaff*, and to have been living in the seclusion of the haremlik; but her people were not orthodox, and Semmeya had a way of her own of getting what she wanted — and what she wanted just then was not to be secluded.

We never quite made up our minds about her. We had days when we knew we did not like her; for we did not consider her honorable. She would rather cheat at games than play fair, and she would always tell a fib to get out of a disagreeable predicament. Again there were days when we almost loved her, for she was very fascinating.

That year we were particularly unfortunate in doing things we ought not to have done. In many of these — until Semmeya brought her clever mind to bear — we seemed hopelessly entangled; for example, when we stole grapes from a vendor who had fallen asleep. We did not mean to steal: we only thought of how wonderfully exciting it was to walk up on tiptoe, reach the grapes, get a bunch, and slip away without awakening the vendor. Semmeya and Djimlah and Chakendé and I accomplished it successfully. As Nashan was reaching for a bunch she slipped — and the man awoke!

We did not know what would have happened to us — as we talked it over afterwards — we thought we should probably have been taken to prison to spend our young lives there, without light or air. We were only saved from that dreadful fate by Semmeya's inventiveness. Nashan stood there petrified, staring at the vendor. Djimlah hid her face on my shoulder; I was trying to hide behind Chakendé; and Chakendé was trembling all over.

Semmeya walked straight up to the man and said to him proudly: —

"A vendor who has something to sell must *never* go to sleep. We wanted some grapes, and of course we had to have them, and naturally we took them. Now, how much do we owe you, vendor?"

The man was entirely apologetic, and begged to be forgiven. He said since we were four, it would make about an *oka* of grapes, and he would let us have them for four *paras*. I knew he was cheating us in asking four pennies. By no possibility could we have taken an *oka*. Having paid him, we walked away with our heads high, but I trembled, and I know Djimlah did, too, for her arm in mine was shaking.

We spoke then of our feelings and of the awful thing that happened to our hearts when the man had opened his eyes.

Djimlah wept at the thought of being caught as a thief. "Why did we do it, *yavroum?*" she kept on wailing to me; "why did we do it?"

"I don't know why we did it," I replied; nor did I know then why we kept on getting into scrapes, from the consequences of which Semmeya always saved us. I know now that every bit of deviltry we perpetrated was at her instigation.

While we were not conscious of her evil influence, and were fully grateful to her for saving us, yet we always mistrusted her; and once in despair we came together and debated how to tell her that we did not care to have her for a friend any more.

Nashan then gravely remarked: "We must remember that without her several times we should have been compelled to die."

This we acknowledged to be true, and resolved still to bear with her. Moreover, Semmeya was a remarkable story-teller, and on rainy days, when we could not play outdoors, we would congregate in one house and Semmeya would hold us enthralled with a fabrication of her imagination. She could thrill us or make us laugh, at will, and was the undisputed queen of rainy days.

Just the same, we never felt that she was quite one of us — even I who was much more under her spell than the others. We came to know that whenever

she wanted anything she was going to get it, and that some one else would pay for it.

"It is her Greek blood that makes her so," Chakendé said one noon; then looked up at me in fear; but at these words Djimlah declared that it was time to pray, and they all fell on their knees, facing Mecca. They knew I would not attack them while they were praying, and they made their devotions long enough for my anger to cool somewhat.

The legend about her Greek blood was that her grandmother had been taken from the island of Cyprus, when a baby, and sold into a haremlik. Semmeya told us that only after she was married and had children did her grandmother learn that she was a Greek; and then she hanged herself from despair. Perhaps this matter of the Greek grandmother helped to make Semmeya dear to me, although now, as I look back upon it all, I think it was because instinctively I understood a little of the curse of temperament, and poor Semmeya had a large share of it.

The following year Semmeya was married, and three days before her wedding we were invited to see her trousseau, and to be feasted and presented with gifts. We had reached the age when we began to talk of love and marriage in tones of awe, with the ignorance of children, and the half-awakened knowl-

edge of womanhood. And after we came away from her, we put our heads together and whispered our hope that her husband would never find out what we knew about her character.

CHAPTER XII

HOW I WAS SOLD TO ST. GEORGE

SHORTLY after Semmeya's wedding an epidemic of typhoid fever swept over Constantinople. Owing to our unsanitary drainage conditions such epidemics were not rare. All four of us had the fever. With me it was so acute and lasted so long that the doctors gave me up as a sickly child who had not the strength to battle for life. My lengthy illness left me alive, it is true, but as a fire leaves standing a structure which it has completely destroyed within. Apparently there remained nothing solid to build on. The doctors intimated as much when they said I might eat and do what pleased me — and went away.

To them I was only a hopeless patient. I was different with my mother: she would not give up the fight. In her despair, and when science failed her, she turned to what in reality she always had more faith in — her religion; and particularly her favorite saint, St. George of the Bells. Him she had inherited from the paternal side of her family, to which he had been — shall I say — the idol, for more than two hundred years.

I did not share her predilection. My own preferred saint was St. Nicholas, even then when I was

beginning to take pride in my critical attitude toward religion. Looking back, and raising the veil from my once ardent devotion, I must admit that my partiality originated in a life-size ikon, painted by a celebrated Russian, and presented by the Russian Church to the monastery of St. Nicholas, where I used to go for my devotions. I was only four years old when the ikon was sent, but I fell an immediate victim to its beauty. Had it represented St. Gregory or St. Aloysius, my devotion would have been the same. It is always thus with us: scratch a Greek and you will find a pagan.

However, when my mother told me that she was going to send for St. George of the Bells, I raised no objection. I knew enough of his deeds to have a respectful fear of him. Among the orthodox Greeks, especially among those who, like us, lived on the Sea of Marmora, to send for a saint is an awe-inspiring act. One does not have recourse to it except as a last resort. It is, moreover, an expense that few can afford, though I have known poor Greek families to sell even their household effects to have the saint brought to them.

From the moment that it was decided the saint should be sent for, our house was in a tumult of cleaning. My room especially was made immaculate, and I was put into my finest nightgown. No

coquette was ever more carefully arrayed for the visit of a handsome young doctor than I was for the saint. A large table, covered with a new white cloth, was placed near my bed. On it was an incense-burner, flowers, and a bowl of water — to be blessed, and used to bathe my face so long as it should last.

Two men, for their strength and size called *pallikaria*, had gone for the ikon. St. George of the Bells, though on the same island with us, had his monastery upon the highest summit of the mountains, several miles from our house. In order to receive the saint with proper ceremony, my mother sent for the parish priests. They arrived shortly before the ikon, dressed in their most festive robes of silver thread, and with their long curls floating over their shoulders.

The *pallikaria* arrived, bearing the saint, and preceded by a monk from his monastery. When they brought him into my room, though I was very weak, I was raised from my bed and placed at the foot of the ikon. It was quite large, and painted on wood. The face alone was visible: all the rest had been covered with gold and silver, tokens of gratitude from those whom the saint had cured. Rings, earrings, bracelets, and other jewelry were also hanging from the ikon, while hundreds of gold and silver bells were festooned about it. My room was filled with

the members of my family, and a few of the most intimate and pious of our friends. Candles were lighted, and mass was solemnly sung. Afterwards all went away, and I was left to the care of St. George of the Bells.

Owing to the distance, the ikon and the monk could not return to the monastery the same day, and were to spend the night in our house. I was then twelve years old, and as I have said, beginning to be skeptical of the religious superstitions about me. Yet the ceremony had impressed me deeply; and in the solemn hours of the night, with only the light of the *kandilla* burning before the ikon, a certain mysticism took possession of me. I was shaken out of my apathy, and believed that St. George could save me, if he wanted to, and if I prayed to him; and pray I did, too, most fervently, though I should have been ashamed to confess it after the daylight brought back to me my juvenile pride in being a skeptic.

In the morning, when the *pallikaria* came to fetch the ikon, one of the powerfully built creatures, a man whose hair was already growing white about the temples, approached my bedside and said with great solemnity: —

"*Kyria, mou,* he means to cure you. I have not carried him for twenty years without learning his

ways. Why, when we went to take him from his place, he fairly flew to our arms. I know what that means. You will get well, for he wanted to come to you. Sometimes he is so heavy that we can hardly carry him a mile an hour — and I have known him to refuse to be moved at all."

The old *pallikari* was right. St. George did cure me. In a few months I was stronger than I had ever been in my life. It was then that my mother — partly out of gratitude, partly in order that he might continue to look after me — resolved to sell me to St. George.

For three days she and I fasted. Early on the morning of the fourth day we started, barefooted, for the mountains and St. George's monastery, carrying wax torches nearly as tall as I. At first I was ashamed to meet people in my bare feet, until I noticed with elation that they all reverently uncovered their heads as we passed. It was a long, weary walk. Up the mountains it seemed as if we were climbing to heaven. The road zigzagged steeply upward, now revealing, now hiding, the monastery from our eyes. At last we reached the huge rocks that surrounded it like a rampart.

Everything was ready for our arrival. The *hegoumenos*, the head monk, received us. I was taken to a little shrine, bathed in holy water, and put to bed,

after receiving some *maigre* soup; for I was to fast three days longer. My little bed was made up on the marble floor of the church. At night, another was arranged beside it for my mother, since I could not be induced to sleep alone in the church.

During the three days spent in the mountains I forgot completely that I was a person holding advanced ideas, and that I did not believe in superstitions. There was something in the atmosphere of the place which forbade analysis and called only for devotion.

My mother and I were the only persons who slept in the church. There were a number of insane patients in the monastery itself. St. George of the Bells is renowned for the number of cures of insanity which he effects. The head monk, as a rule, is a man of considerable education and shrewdness, with no mean knowledge of medicine. The insane patients are under his care for forty days, with the grace of St. George. They practically live out of doors, take cold baths, dress lightly, and eat food of the simplest. In addition to this they receive mystic shocks to help on their recovery, and, I believe, usually regain their mental equilibrium.

While I was staying at the monastery a young man was brought there from Greece. He was a great student of literature, and very dissipated. The two

combined had sent him to St. George. He was a handsome fellow, with long white hands, and a girlish mouth. He was permitted to go about free, and I met him under the arcade of the monastery, declaiming a passage from Homer. When his eyes met mine, he stopped and addressed me.

"I am coming from Persia, and my land is Ithaca. I am Ulysses, the King of Ithaca." Then he threw out his hands toward me and screamed, "Penelope!"

You may imagine that I was frightened, but before I had time to answer, he burst into a peal of laughter, and exclaimed: —

"Why, you are Achilles, dressed in girl's clothes. But you will come with us to fight, will you not?"

Much to my relief a monk came up and said, "Don't stay here and listen to him. It only excites him."

I became quite interested in the young man, after this, and later learned that when his forty days were at an end, by a sign St. George intimated that he was to remain longer; and a few months later the young man returned to his country entirely cured.

There was one of the monks, Father Arsenius, who was as devout as my mother. To him I really owe all my pleasure while in the monastery. He was an old man, but strong and active. He took me every

day for rambles about the mountains, and never would let me walk uphill. He would pick me up and set me on his shoulder, as if I were a pitcher of water, and then, chanting his Gregorian chants, we would make the ascents.

One day we were sitting on one of the big rocks surrounding the monastery. Miles below we could see the blue waters of the Marmora, and far beyond it the Asiatic coast of Turkey. The air was filled with the smell of the pine forest below. Father Arsenius had been telling me of the miracles performed by St. George.

"It is curious, Father Arsenius," I commented, "that they should have built the monastery so high up. It is so difficult to get to, especially when one comes on foot, the way we did. How did they think of building it up here?"

"No one thought of it. The saint himself chose this spot. Don't you know about it, little one?"

I shook my head.

Father Arsenius's face changed, and there came into it the light which made him look almost holy. In a rapt tone he began: "It was years ago, in the fifteenth century, when a dream came to one of our monks, a holy man, chosen by the saint to do his bidding."

He crossed himself three times, raised his eyes to

the blue above, and for some seconds was lost in his dreams.

"The saint appeared to our holy monk and said: 'Arise and follow me, by the sound of a bell, over land and sea, till the bell shall cease to ring. There dig in the earth till you find my ikon; and on that spot build a chapel, and spend your life in worshiping me.'

"Three times the vision came to the monk; then he arose, went to his superior, and with his permission started on his pilgrimage. As soon as he left the monastery he heard the sound of the bell, and following it he traveled for months, over land and sea, until he came to this island. Here the sound of the bell became louder, until finally it stopped. On that spot he began to dig — "

"On what spot?" I interrupted.

"Down by the little chapel, where now the holy spring oozes forth. There the monk found the ikon, and with it in his arms went about begging for money to build the chapel."

"He must have been a very powerful man if he carried that ikon about," I commented, "for now it takes two *pallikaria* to lift it."

Father Arsenius smiled his kind, fatherly smile. "My little one, when our saint wants to, he can make himself as light as a feather. After the monk had

collected sufficient money he went to the Turkish authorities and asked permission to build his chapel. The Turks had just conquered Constantinople, and we had to ask permission for everything at that time. The pasha to whom the monk applied refused him, saying that there were already churches enough."

Father Arsenius's face, as he spoke, was no longer holy. He looked a Greek, boiling for a fight. Gradually his features regained their calm, and he smiled at me, as he continued: —

"That night St. George came to the monk in his dreams and bade him start building without permission of the Turks. In the morning the monk climbed the mountain and with the help of two other monks began his work. Ah! but I should like to have been that monk," Father Arsenius cried; but he would not permit his soul even the envy of a holy deed, and humbly added: "Thy will be done, saint."

"Did n't the Turks interfere any more?" I asked.

"So they did, my little one. While the work was in progress they heard of it, and sent word to the monk to stop it. He replied that he obeyed higher orders than theirs. The pasha was furious, and set out himself to the island, swearing he would hang the monk from his own scaffolding.

"But he reckoned without St. George. At that time there were no roads on the island, not even a

path leading up here. The pasha and his followers became lost in the woods, and had to spend the night, hungry and thirsty, under the pine trees. In the middle of the night the pasha woke up, struggling in the grip of St. George. He cried out to his companions. They were tied to the trees. St. George beat the pasha with the flat of his sword until he was tired. Then he commanded him to fall on his knees and promise to permit the chapel to be built. The terrified Turk did as he was ordered, and, of his own accord, promised to give money to build a large monastery, and he kept his word."

Father Arsenius looked at me with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, and I laughed aloud to hear how the Greek saint had got the better of the Turkish pasha.

"I have been here for fifty years now," Father Arsenius went on presently; "and my wish is to die in the service of my saint."

"Do you think that when I am sold to him, he will take care of me?" I asked.

"I do not think so — I know so. His power is omnipotent; and his kindness to people is wonderful. When there is any mortal disease among them, he leaves here, goes out and fights for them."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I hear him go, and come back."

I was overwhelmed. No trace of skepticism or unbelief remained in me.

"Is he here now?" I asked, in the same mystic tone as the monk used.

He shook his head. "He left here just before the cholera broke out in Constantinople."

"But the cholera is over now."

"Yes, I am expecting him back at any minute."

"How do you hear him come and go?" I asked, unwonted fear of the supernatural conquering me.

"You will hear him, too, if he returns before you go. Everything in the church moves and shakes when he leaves it or reënters it."

"But if he should not come back while I am here, how can I be sold to him?"

"That does not matter," Father Arsenius reassured me. "He will know of it when he comes back, — though I think that sometimes when people are not cured, it is because he is far away, and his grace does not reach them." He bowed his head. "I have given my heart to him, and he has purified it. I am his slave, and shall be so for life."

"I shall be his slave, too," I put in eagerly. Had I been asked at that moment to become a nun, I should have done so gladly, such was the influence Father Arsenius had over me.

He rose. "Come, little one, let us go."

I put my little hand into his big, callous one, for he was also the gardener of the monastery; and together we walked through the *koumaries* with which the mountain was covered. These are evergreen bushes, which at a certain season bear fruit like cherries, which has an intoxicating effect. Strangers, not understanding this, are sometimes found helpless beneath the lovely bushes.

As we came near the monastery, Father Arsenius shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed over toward the mountain-ridge beyond.

"The wind is rising. It will be very high to-night," he said.

The conversation with the monk had put me into a deep religious fervor. I fell asleep, that night in the church, and dreamed of the monk who had traveled over land and sea, following the sound of a bell. How long I slept I cannot tell, when I awoke in terror. I sat up and peered around by the dim light of the *kandillas* burning before the ikons of the various saints. The large glass candelabras hanging from the ceiling were swaying to and fro, jingling their crystals, producing a ghastly sound. The bells on St. George's ikon were tinkling; two or three windows slammed, and there was a rushing sound through the church. It all lasted only a short time, and then quietness returned.

My mother awoke, though she was not so light a sleeper as I. "What is it?" she asked, startled.

"It is St. George coming back," I answered.

We both fell to praying, and I did not sleep any more that night. And my heart was filled with pride that I had heard the coming of the saint.

At the end of my three days' fast, mass was celebrated, and then my mother presented me to the *hegoumenos*.

"I wish my daughter to become the saint's slave," she said.

"Forever?" he asked. "If so she cannot marry."

"No; until her marriage. Yearly I will pay the saint a pigskin full of oil and a torch as tall as she is. At her marriage I will ransom her with five times this, and with five *medjediês* in addition."

The monk took me in his arms and raised me up so that I could kiss the ikon. Then he cried, in a voice so full of emotion that it made my devout mother weep: —

"My saint, unto thee I give the keeping of this child!"

From the ikon he took a silver chain, from which hung a little bell, and placed it around my neck.

"You are now St. George's slave," he continued. "Until you return and hang this with your own hands on the ikon it must never leave you."

I kissed his hand, and the ceremony was over. We paid what we owed, and left the monastery and good Father Arsenius with the assurance that a power from above was having especial watch over me. From that time on my mother gave her yearly tribute, and the saint kept his word to look after me.

Although when I was married I was in America and my mother was in Russia, she did not fail to pay the ransom which made it possible for me to change masters without angering the saint. In place of the little silver chain and bell, which I could not return personally, she gave a gold one. As I write, I can see the badge of my former slavery where it hangs around a little old Byzantine ikon in my room. I have never been separated from it. During the whole of my girlhood I wore it; and when I was in a convent school in Paris it gave me a certain distinction among my mystified companions, who could hear it tinkle whenever I moved. Asked about it, I only said that it was the badge of my slavery. This gave rise to a variety of stories, invented by their Gallic imaginations, in which I, with my bell, was the heroine. As I look at it now, it reminds me of the three days spent with St. George — the three days during which sensuous mysticism completely clouded my awakening intelligence.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MASTER OF THE FOREST

On our return from the monastery we had the great joy of finding my brother at home, back that very day from Europe. I was so delighted I could hardly sit still. My happiness was dashed to the ground when, in the course of the next half-hour, he remarked that he must leave us in a few days to see the Bishop of Xanthy. I was speechless with disappointment until my mother said: —

"Oh! that is lucky. The little one needs a radical change to become quite herself again. She can go with you."

Thus it was quickly settled, and a few days later we set off. The first part of the journey was like any other. We went to Constantinople and took a train, which, after due deliberation, started, and in due time again — or rather, not in due time — reached Koumourtzina. There began what seemed to me our real journey, for we were now to travel entirely on animal-back.

We started on mules, in the afternoon, and rode for three hours at a smart trot. In front of us lay the forest of Koumourtzina. Geography has always been a closed science to me, so I have no idea where this

is, except that it is somewhere in Turkish territory, and on the way to Xanthy.

It was near nightfall. We took a short rest at a small village, ate a hearty meal, exchanged the mules we had been riding for horses, and started out to cross the forest. There was silvery moonlight over all the landscape, and the lantern which our guide carried, as he walked in front of the horses, blinded us more than it helped us. We asked to have the light put out, but the *kouroudji*, who was also the owner of the horses we were riding, insisted on the lighted lantern as part of the convention of the forest. My saddle was made of camel-bags, filled with blankets and clothes, and the motion of the horse was smooth and soporific. I became drowsy from the long day's ride, and now and then stretched myself in the saddle.

In the very heart of the forest my horse reared, so unexpectedly that had it not been for the vast pillowy saddle I should have been thrown to the ground. My brother's horse not only reared, but whirled about like a leaf in a storm. The *kouroudji* seized the bridle of my horse and patted and spoke to him, while my brother, who was a very good horseman, managed to calm his own mount somewhat, and to keep him headed in the direction we wished to go.

"What is it?" I asked the *kouroudji*. "Why are they behaving like this?"

The Turk turned to my brother. "The effendi knows?"

"I'm afraid I do. They smell blood."

"So they do, Bey Effendi. It is not the first time this accursed forest has been the grave of men. *Allah kerim!*"

He took hold of the bridles of both horses, and spoke to them in endearing terms. There is an understanding between Turks and horses as touching as the friendship between them and dogs. From a monotonous and tedious journey, our ride, of a sudden, had become most exciting. Although the horses now followed the *kouroudji* obediently, they whinnied from time to time, and shivered.

"Don't be frightened," said my brother to me; "and whatever happens keep your head, and don't scream. Screaming will do no good, and it may lead to mishandling."

"But can't we go back, Mano?" I asked.

"We shall gain nothing by trying to. If a murder has been committed, we may come upon the corpse. If it is something else, we are already in the trap."

Before I had time to ask him what he meant by this, a shot was fired over our heads, and, simultaneously, a number of forms emerged from the

forest. We were surrounded, and several dark lanterns flashed upon us.

"Halt! Hands up!"

"All right!" said my brother.

Five men glided close to us, and I saw three pistols pointing at us. I could now see our captors distinctly. They had on the Greek *foustanella*, white, accordion-plaited skirts, stiff-starched, reaching to the knees. Below, they wore gaiters ending in the *tsarouchia*, or soft-pointed shoes. Their graceful little jackets were worn like capes, with the empty sleeves flapping. The Greek fez with its long black tassel completed their picturesque costume.

I do not know whether Greek brigands are really any better than Bulgarian or Turkish ones, but the sight of their Hellenic costume lessened my fears considerably. It sounds very silly, but my warm and uncritical patriotism embraced all Greeks — even brigands. Impulsively I cried out: —

"*Yassas, pallikaria!*" (Health to you, men!)

The brigand next me, whose large brown hand was on the neck of my horse, laughed.

"*Yassu, keram mou*" (Health to thee, my lady!)

"What is it all about, *pallikaria?*" my brother asked.

"The master of the forest, hearing of your passing through, claims his privilege of making you his guest

for a while." The man laughed at his own pleasantry. "Will you dismount of your own accord, or shall we lend you our assistance?"

"Considering that you are five, and we are only two, and a half — " My brother had a philosophic way of accepting the inevitable.

"We are more than five," remarked one of the men, pointing behind him into the forest with his thumb.

"You are plenty, in any case," returned my brother, dismounting. He helped me from my horse. In French he said: "There is a mistake. It is a long time since you and I possessed enough to attract these gentlemen; but be polite and friendly to them."

The brigands ordered the *kouroudji* — who also had accepted the whole occurrence with philosophic calm — to proceed to Xanthy and report that his charges were captured by brigands, who would shortly communicate with their relatives.

"Will he really travel for two days, just to carry that message?" my brother asked with curiosity.

"Crossing this forest is his business. He knows that if he does not do as we say, this forest will become his grave."

Paying the *kouroudji*, my brother bade him goodbye, and two of the brigands conducted him off. They had told us the truth when they said there were others in the woods; for presently many more

came up, and, with somewhat sardonic humor, bade us welcome.

"We are sorry to have to blindfold you," said one, and took a big red pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, which he began to fold on the bias, for my eyes.

"Please, *pallikari*, do you mind using *my* handkerchief?" I asked.

"If it will please you, *kara mou.*"

I handed him my handkerchief.

"*Ma!* that's too small."

"Can't you use two together?" I asked, giving him another.

He took them and tied the ends together, then slipped the bandage over my eyes, while another held up the lantern for him to see by.

"*Empross!*" (Forward!) they said.

I felt a big rough hand take mine, and we started off into the thick woods. We were mounting gradually, and the underbrush became thicker. Presently I tripped and fell.

"*More*, Mitso!" my guide called to some one ahead; "come back and make a chair with me to carry the little girl. She is stumbling."

The other returned; they joined their hands together, and I took my seat on them, placing my arms around the men's necks. I was neither frightened

for the present, nor apprehensive for the future; I was merely excited and enjoying the situation. My love of adventure was being gratified to the full, and for once the knowledge that we were poor was a satisfaction. As my brother had said, the days in which we had money were so long left behind that even we ourselves had forgotten them.

I felt sure that, as soon as the brigands discovered their mistake, they would let us go, the customs of the brigands being as well known as those of any other members of the community. Besides, had not my brother said it was all a mistake? — and at the time my brother represented to me the knowledge of the world. I only hoped that the brigands would not realize it before we reached their lair.

Up, and ever up we went, the men surefooted in spite of the underbrush. They halted at last, and set me down.

One of them whistled. We waited a full minute, and he whistled again. Then one of them sang in a rich baritone the first lines of the Greek national hymn: —

"Oh! Freedom! thou comest out of the holy bones of the Hellenes — oh! Freedom."

From somewhere in the vicinity another voice took up the refrain, and shortly afterwards there came a crash and a rattle of chains.

Some one took my hand again, and I felt that we passed through an opening. Now we were descending; and gradually the coolness of the night air changed to warmth, and the smell of food came to our nostrils.

We stopped, and our bandages were removed. I blinked and rubbed my eyes. We were in a large low room, the floor of which was partially covered with sheepskins. A fire was burning, inside a ring of stones, in the middle of the floor, which was the bare earth, and a man was sitting by it, cross-legged, cooking.

"*Kali spera sas kai kalos orisete!*" (Good-evening and welcome!) he said to us. "The master will be in shortly. Pray be seated."

We sat down on some sheepskins, and I looked about me with interest. The longer I looked the larger the room grew. Its shadowy ends seemed to stretch off indefinitely. The ceiling was roughly vaulted, and I judged that it must be a cave, of which there are many in the mountains. Numerous weapons lay on the ground or hung on the walls, but there was nothing terrifying about the place.

Very soon the leader came in. He was a man of about forty, dressed in European clothes and unmistakably a dandy. He was tall and well built, and his black hair was parted in the middle, and care-

fully combed into two large curly waves. His long black mustache was martially turned up at the ends. He bowed to us as if he were a diplomat, and we his distinguished guests.

"Welcome to our mountainous abode. I am very glad to meet you."

He shook hands with us warmly.

"We, too, are very glad to meet you," said my brother; "but I cannot understand why you are taking all this trouble. What we could afford to give you would not keep you in cigarettes a week."

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Spiropoulo?"

"Good gracious, my dear sir," Mano cried, "you don't mean to say you take *us* for the Spiropouli?"

The chief smiled; a most attractive smile it appeared to me, though my brother afterwards described it as fatuous.

"I hope you did not find the ascent too difficult?" the leader inquired solicitously.

"Two of the *pallikaria* made a *skamnaki* for me," I put in. "It was very nice of them."

I have always spoken my mother tongue with considerable foreign accent, not having learned it until after I spoke French, German, and Turkish, and this accent at once attracted the attention of our host. Gravely he asked: —

"Did you acquire this French accent, mademoi-

selle, in the short time you have been studying the French language? Let me see, it is three months now since you passed through the forest before. That was the first time you left Anatolia, I believe, — and one does not acquire a French accent in Anatolia."

From Mano's face I knew that he was troubled, therefore I refrained from being impertinent in answer to our host's impertinence about my accent. The latter went on lazily: —

"We were sorry to miss you before. We fully intended offering you our hospitality then — only you changed your plans so suddenly, and arrived a week before you had intended to. I am glad we were fortunate enough to secure you this time. One pines for social intercourse in the mountains."

The leader's Greek was excellent. It was easy to see that he must have been well born, or at least well educated. He stretched himself on a sheepskin near us, and called to the cook: —

"A whole one, boys!" then, turning to us: "No one will be able to say that we did not kill the fatted — lamb for you."

The cook, squatting by the fire, rose, walked over to an opening at one side of the cave, and called: —

"A whole one, Steryio!"

Returning to the middle of the room, he lifted up

a trap door, which disclosed a large, bricked-up cavity, and began shoveling live coals and brands into it from the fire.

Mano opened his cigarette-case, and offered it to the chief.

The latter accepted it, and examined its contents critically.

"They are good, Mr. Spiropoulo," he said, with condescension, "but I believe you will find mine better."

From his pocket he drew his own case, and passed it to my brother.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mano. "I know the brand."

Two men came into the room carrying a lamb made ready for roasting. They held it while a third impaled it on a long iron bar. Then the bar was laid across two iron projections, over the bed of embers, and a handle was fitted to the end of the bar. One of the brigands squatted down and began slowly turning the spit, and the others shoveled more embers into the cavity underneath the lamb. We could feel the heat even where we sat.

We all watched with interest the man rhythmically turning the lamb over the fire. Gradually he began to hum a song in time to his turning. It was one of the folk-songs about the Armateloi and

Kleftai, those patriotic bandits who waged a guerrilla warfare against the Turks for years before the revolution broke out in 1821. It is a period dear to the hearts of all Greeks, for it prepared and trained the men who, during the terrible nine years of the revolution, were to stand up against and defeat the enormous armies of Turkey.

It is a period unique in the history of any nation, a period full of grandeur of individual achievement, and it has been immortalized in *Laïk* poetry. I do not believe that there is a Greek to-day who does not know at least some of these long poems, composed by the Armateloi themselves, put to music by themselves, and transmitted to us by word of mouth, from father to son.

As the brigand at the spit went on with his song, it was taken up like an anthem by others, who began to swarm out of little cubby-holes in the sides of the cave, which were hidden from view by hanging sheepskins. They squatted around the roasting lamb, or stretched themselves on the ground, and snatched at the song, here, there, anywhere; and the fumes of the meat mingled with the song, and the song became part of the meat; and all blended with the vaulted room, and the glorious white *fustanella* gleaming in the firelight.

One must be born under an alien yoke to under-

stand what the love of one's fatherland is. Until the last year the Greeks may have gained little in the estimation of the world since a small portion of them wrenched themselves free from the Turkish yoke. But those who condemn them must remember that since the time of Alexander the Great, the Greeks have passed from one conqueror to another — escaping annihilation only by rendering their conquerors themselves Greeks in literature and thought. At last they fell under the yoke of a race which neither could learn their language nor cared for their civilization, and for four hundred years they dwelt under this Asiatic dominion.

On this night, in the brigands' cave, I understood the power Greece had over her sons. These men were nothing but cut-throats. They would kill or mutilate a man for money; yet, as they sang the songs of those other, more glorious brigands, who had striven for years in desperate fighting against the conquerors of their race, they seemed to be touched by something ennobling. Their faces shone with that light which comes from the holiest of loves — patriotism. They sang with fervor, and when they came to the parts relating victories over the Turks, they clapped their hands and shouted, "*Sol sol*"

From one song they passed to another, while the lamb ever turned in time to the music, and men

brought chestnuts, potatoes, and onions, and roasted them in the edge of the smaller fire — always singing.

Of a sudden one man broke into a gay little song of the monasteries: "How they rubbed the pepper, those devilish monks!"

To the giddy words and the infectious tune, a dozen men sprang to their feet. They held out their handkerchiefs to each other, and instantly there was a garland of dancing brigands about the fire. It was our national dance, the Syrto, and they went through it with gusto and passion.

By the time that was over, the lamb was cooked. We were invited to sit round in a circle; the meat was torn apart with the hands, and a piece dealt to each person. Each brigand crossed himself three times, and then fell to, ravenously. I enjoyed my dinner as much as they. My poor brother pretended to. As I learned afterwards, he was afraid that the brigands would kill us from mere annoyance when they discovered that we were not the rich pair they believed they had in their possession.

The meal over, the brigands crossed themselves again devoutly, and thanked God, and his son Christ, for the protection they had hitherto extended to them. Then they began to talk of their exploits. Far from being conscience-stricken, or in any way

ashamed of their profession, they gloried in it; and being in constant warfare with the Turkish soldiery, they felt a really patriotic pride in their manner of life.

They told of running a certain Turkish officer through the heart without the slightest pity for the man, or shame of the deed. Was he not a Turk, their arch-enemy, and the enemy of their race? Their point of view on the ethics of life was quite original to me, and as they boasted of the things they had done, something barbaric in me responded to their recitals. I loved them, and as for their leader, he was a real hero to me. Again they passed from themselves to the heroic period of the Armateloi and Kleftai, when brigandage attained its apotheosis.

After the fall of Constantinople, the Greeks were powerless against the Turks. The other powers of Europe, during two hundred years, were too frightened to think of more than saving their own skins; and when, later, they did interfere in behalf of the Christians under the Ottoman yoke, they did so only as an excuse for their personal gain.

Thus the Greeks had to depend on themselves, and in time the flower of Greek manhood took to the mountains. Then the wrongs done by the Turks to their weak and defenseless fellow-countrymen were fiercely and brutally punished by these brigands.

It was these Armateloi and Kleftai who put an end to the human tax which the Greeks had been forced to pay the conqueror. If a little girl was taken by force from a Greek home, the brigands would fall upon a Turkish village and avenge the wrong on the women and children of the Turks. It was a very rough form of justice; but gradually the Turks began to fear the brigands, and in this fear they became more considerate toward the Greeks.

That period, with all its ferocity and unspeakable brutality, was the period of modern Greek chivalry; for those men did not attack for money. They levied on the people merely for enough to live; but when they descended on them as avengers of their countrymen's wrongs they were merciless — and they did rob the Turkish garrisons. In the Revolution of 1821 much of the powder used by the Greeks was Turkish powder, and many a Turk died by a gun he once had carried.

My brigands knew every one of the ballads of that time. They snatched them from each other's mouths, and recited them with no little talent and dramatic power. They passed on to the revolution itself, and to the poetry which followed afterward. It was then Mano and I joined in. At that time I knew the poetry of the revolution better than I have ever known any other subject since. Mano and I

recited to them the poems of Zalakosta and of Soutzo, of Paparighopoulo, and of the other great poets who were inspired by the exploits of the Greeks from 1821 to 1829.

The enthusiasm of the brigands became tremendous. These poems, unlike those of the Armateloi and Kleftai, are written in pure Greek, not in the *Laïk* language, and naturally they belong to the educated classes rather than to the people. My brother egged me on to recite, in a way foreign to his nature.

"Tell them the 'Chani of Gravia,'" he cried.

This poem is one of the finest of modern Greek poems. It relates a fight which took place in an inn, during the revolution, between a handful of Greeks and a Turkish army. In the middle of the night, during a lull in the fighting, the leader tells his men that death is certain, and that the only thing left them is to cover death with glory. It describes how, each seizing his arms, they burst forth upon their sleeping foes, and by the miracle which sometimes attends on noble courage, cut their way through, and every man escaped.

In part the poem may be apocryphal, but it is founded on fact and thrills us to the marrow of our bones. It substantiates our claim to be descendants of the old, heroic Greeks. As I recited to them the "Chani of Gravia," the brigands fell under its spell;

and some of the love they felt for that glorious fight fell upon me, too. I became a small part of that poem into which I was initiating them.

After I had finished, one of them called hoarsely: —

"Say it again!"

I repeated it again, from beginning to end.

When the last line was ended, some of the men were weeping.

"We shall yet drive out the Turks — by the help of God, we shall!"

They were still deeply moved by the poem when my brother spoke to them.

"*Pallikaria*, you have just heard the little girl reciting to you what can only be learned in an educated home." He turned to the leader: "You cannot now believe that the child's unfortunate accent is an affectation, acquired in the last few months. *Pallikaria*, you cannot for a moment think that my little sister is the Spiropoulo girl, coming out of a parvenu home, with money the only tradition."

Again he turned to the leader: —

"I take it that you speak French. Speak to her and to me in it, and satisfy yourself that we know it. Some of your men here are from Albania, and undoubtedly they know Italian. She can talk with them in that language. Will not all this prove to you that she has lived out of Anatolia all her short life?"

"Who are you, then?" cried the leader. But before we could answer, he ordered us to remain quiet. He disappeared behind a sheepskin, and returned with a paper and pencil, which he handed to my brother. "Write here your name and that of the little girl. Write also from where you come, and whither you are going."

My brother wrote all that he was asked to, and returned the paper to the leader.

The latter read it, surprise and anger mingling on his face. He turned to me: —

"Your name?"

I gave it.

"Your brother's?"

I gave that, too.

"Where have you come from?"

I told him.

"And where are you going?"

Again I told him.

He tore the paper into bits, in a fury.

"Anathema on your heads, you idiot *pallikaria!*" he cried. "You have captured the wrong people, while the others are now escaping us."

"I happen to have read in the paper," put in Mano, "that Spiropoulo and his sister are going by boat to Myrsina, and thence to their homes."

There was consternation among the bandits.

"We have very little," my brother continued. "Take what we have and let us go."

"Oh, please! please!" I implored, "do not take my ring. It is the only piece of jewelry left to me."

"Here! here!" one of the men exclaimed; "we are not in the habit of shearing lambs — it's sheep's wool we are after, eh, captain?"

The leader did not reply to him. He was regarding us, more in sorrow than in anger.

"When I shook hands with you to-night," he remarked, "I felt as if I were shaking hands with thousands of golden pounds. And now — "

He wagged his head, like a good man upon whom Fate has played a scurvy trick.

"We shall get Spiropoulo yet," said one of the men hopefully. "He has entirely too much money, and we have too little. Our motto is 'Equal division.'"

"You're right, *pallikari*," another assented, and the two shook hands.

By this time it was the small hours of the morning, and the party began to break up.

Some of the men rose to their feet, put on their *kosocks*, saluted the leader, and started off on their business. By the entrance was a large ikon of St. George, their patron saint. Each brigand, before going out, halted in front of the ikon, made the sign

of the cross, and reverently kissed the hand of the saint.

"Come with me, my holy saint," each implored.

I almost giggled at the idea of St. George going with them and assisting in the capture of harmless men.

Then the lanterns in the cave were put out; but first two small oil lamps were lighted, one to be placed in front of the ikon of St. George, and the other in front of an ikon of the Virgin Mary, which stood in the depth of the cave; for no pious Greek will leave the ikon of a saint in darkness, and many poor persons will go without food in order to buy the necessary "oil of *kandilla*" for their ikons.

All of the remaining brigands, before lying down on their sheepskins, stood for a minute in front of the ikon of the Virgin, silently saying their prayers; and then I heard them saying aloud, after kissing the feet of Mary: —

"Guard us and keep us healthy and strong, our dear little mother; and now good-night, little mistress of heaven."

They crossed themselves with a piety befitting monks, and I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from betraying myself.

Then slumber descended upon the cave. The fire had died down, and only the dim rays of the two

little oil lamps illumined the great room. It was harder for us to go to sleep than it was for the brigands. In the first place, the sheepskins they had given us were alive with fleas. Mano lay close to me, keeping his arm around me.

The events of the day had excited me tremendously, and my brain would not come to rest. When we alone seemed to be awake, I whispered: —

"What was that blood that frightened our horses? Had the brigands already killed some one?"

"No, I believe it was only the blood of some animal. They often sprinkle the road with it, in order to terrorize the horses and assist in capturing travelers. But now you must go to sleep."

I was young; I had ridden many long hours; and fleas or no fleas, brigands or no brigands, I fell asleep.

The strong smell of coffee wakened me in the morning. My brother already held a cup of it.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked.

"I must have — but look at my hands!" They were dotted with red bites.

The cave had lost something of its romantic appearance of the night. There were only three brigands in the room, and they were busy preparing food. One of them got a towel, — or what served for one, — put a few drops of water on the end of it, — water seemed to be very scarce with them, —

and brought it to me to wash my face and hands. He was a very kind young brigand. He brought me some food, and a cup of the strongest coffee I ever tasted.

He watched me eat as if he had been my nurse, and when I was through, asked a trifle sheepishly: —

"How did you learn so much poetry?"

"Out of books," I replied.

"Then you can write, too?"

"Very well," I asserted complacently.

He became visibly embarrassed. Finally he blurted out: —

"Just write out for me the 'Chani of Gravia.' Write it twice — no, three times; for I shall always want to read it two or three times."

I not only wrote it twice for him, but taught him to spell it out — or rather to memorize it; for his scholarship was very rudimentary, while his memory was excellent. I spent most of the time in this occupation.

During the course of the day we were told, quite unsensationally, that in the evening we might continue our journey. At nightfall we parted from the brigands with cordial expressions of friendship on both sides. They shook hands with us, and many of them assured us they had enjoyed our stay very much, and were sorry to see us go. Only the

leader was sulky in his manner. "I thought you were worth thousands of pounds," he repeated grudgingly.

"The 'Chani of Gravia' was worth all the trouble we took," my pupil hastened to say, as if he feared we might be hurt by the lack of cordiality in his chief.

We were again blindfolded, and two of the men led us out of the cave and back to the place where they had captured us. How they had obtained horses, I cannot imagine, but we found horses waiting for us.

I rode away with an exhilaration I could not calm.

"If I were a man," I said emphatically to my brother, "I should become a brigand. It is a beautiful life."

For the leader, with his curling hair and his black mustaches, I felt an especial admiration, in spite of his offishness. He was long my ideal of a hero; and it was one of the bitterest disappointments of my girlhood when, some years later, in a fight between his band and an overwhelming number of Turkish soldiers, he alone of them all put up a pitiful fight, and died like a coward.

I wept when I read about it, — not for him, but for my lost ideal, — for the trust and admiration I had placed on a man not worthy to be a leader of Greek brigands.

CHAPTER XIV

ALI BABA, MY CAÏQUE-TCHI

Our return journey to Constantinople was uneventful. In town we found our mother, who had decided to spend the winter there and not on the island. I was not supposed to be well enough yet to resume my studies seriously. My brother left us shortly for Europe again.

It would have been a dreary and miserable winter for me, away from my home and the country, separated from my playmates and cooped up in small city rooms, with only buildings to look at on all sides, had it not been for a discovery I made. By accident I stumbled upon a big volume of Byzantine history, a history till then practically unknown to me.

As page after page gave forth its treasures, my interest in the people of which it wrote increased, and loneliness and boredom departed, not to return again that winter. After I had finished the book, it came over me that all these marvelous things I had been reading about had taken place yonder, at Stamboul, half an hour from where I sat. Instantly the desire took possession of me to re-read that history, chapter by chapter, then cross over to Stamboul and find the actual places mentioned.

This was not so easy to accomplish as one might think; for I had to reckon with the elders, who would have a thousand and one objections to my going over to the Turkish city. I went immediately to my mother, and without any preamble — which I knew to be the best way, in order to take her breath away — told her of my project, speaking of it casually, as if it were as simple as drinking a glass of water.

She gave me the puzzled look with which she often regarded my little person. I believe that every time I came before her she wondered anew how I happened to be her child; for she was tall and beautiful, and very conventional in her desires, and I was small and elfish, and my desires were usually for things she could not imagine any person wanting. After I had finished speaking, she replied quietly: —

"What you ask is out of the question; for we have no one, you know, who can waste so much time every week accompanying you."

"I don't want any one," I replied. "I would much rather go alone."

The puzzled expression in her eyes deepened. "Go alone — over there? But I have never been there alone in all my life."

"I know that, mamma, but you know perfectly well that there are a great many things you never did, or will ever bring yourself to do, which I have

already done. Besides," I pleaded, "my father is dead now; my brother is away; you took me from my home and brought me to town, and you don't even let me go to school on account of my weak lungs — and what is there left for me to do?"

"Well, well," my mother compromised, "you had better let me think it over, child."

The result of her thinking culminated in my being accompanied to the former capital of the great Byzantine Empire by an uninterested and unsympathetic female elder. It was an utter failure, this my first attempt at archæological research. The elder, besides being unsympathetic, had a supercilious way of talking, and prided herself on her ignorance. Before the afternoon was at an end she became tired and cross, and then coaxed me, saying: "Why don't we go and see the lovely jewels and silks in the market, and there I shall treat you to a plate of *taouk-okshu*."

I agreed at once, not because I was willing to sell my Byzantine interests for a plate of sweets, but because her presence spoiled my pleasure.

That evening my mother and I had a conversation of an animated nature, a conversation which was continued the next day and yet the next, and grew more animated with each session, until on my side it reached stormy heights, — and my mother's

nature abhorred storms; so I obtained the coveted permission of going alone to the city of Byzantium.

"Mind though, baby," she cautioned, "don't ever cross the Golden Horn in a boat. You must always go by the bridge."

It had not occurred to me to take the boat, but once the suggestion was made, it took possession of my brain, and tormented it to such an extent that on arriving at the Galata Bridge my feet turned straight to the quay where the Turkish boatmen were squatted, contemplatively "drinking" their narghilés.

"A boat!" I commanded, imitating as far as possible my mother's manner.

The first man of the row put aside his narghilé and rose quietly. Unlike all the other nationalities in Turkey, the Turks alone never jostle each other for a fare. They have a system of their own which they scrupulously adhere to.

The *caïque-tchi* who approached at my summons was an old man. He was dressed in full, baggy trousers, and wore a white turban on his head. He must have been already old when Sultan Medjid, thirty years previously, had substituted the fez for the turban, and he had not cared to adopt the new headdress.

"What does the little hanoum wish?"

"To cross," I replied, with the same haughty manner as before.

He bent down, unfastened the rope with which his slender, graceful little *caïque* was tied, and I stepped into it and settled myself blissfully among the cushions in the bottom.

Before he had rowed me halfway over I remembered that I had forgotten to strike a bargain with him. "By the way," I said casually, "what is your fare?"

"A *kourous* and a half" (six cents), he said promptly.

"What!" I cried; "if you are not ready to accept half that, you may just as well take me back."

He stopped rowing. "Take you back! But where would be the profit?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but that's the answer the dead philosopher made to Charon."

"If he were dead, how could he make an answer?" he asked.

Thereupon I found myself in my most favorite pastime — initiating somebody into the Greek writings; and as I explained to him Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead," the old Turk listened intently, paddling very slowly, slightly bending toward me, his kind eyes twinkling, his face wreathed in smiles — looking very much like a nice, big, red apple, shriveled by the frost and sun.

By the time I had finished the story of the philosopher, we were approaching the other side of the Golden Horn.

"You see," I concluded, "you get more than Charon did out of the transaction; and, besides, since I am going over there three times a week, you may become my regular boatman, and if you are over here with a fare at sunset, you may wait for me and take me back, too, — only then I shall pay you one *para* less."

It was not because I was of a miserly disposition that I was bargaining so hard; but I had only one *medjedié* a month, and the elders invariably borrowed a part of it back from me, so that I was always in straitened circumstances.

"Why are you going over there so often?" he asked kindly.

I liked his baggy bloomers, of the color of the stained-glass windows one sees in the old cathedrals; I liked his being faithful to the turban, and I fell in love with his kind, beaming old face. Besides, the way he enjoyed the story of the philosopher and Charon convinced me that he was not like most of the dreadful elders, — so I told him the reason.

His oars again became suspended in the air, and he listened with intense interest.

"Is it in the Koran you read all those things?"

"Oh, no," I said, "in a book bigger than the Koran."

"How can that be?" he asked incredulously.

Then I amplified, and told him of Constantine the Great, of how he left Rome to build a new city, hundreds and hundreds of years before the Turks had even thought of leaving Asia and invading Europe. His attention to my words delighted me. I had not been so happy for ever so long; for next to reading books I loved to impart them, since in the telling I tasted them better. They became clearer to me. Besides, sharing things from books is a joy to which there is nothing comparable.

"You can read all this?" he exclaimed admiringly; "you, who are no bigger than my thumb! But then your people could always read, though they were no kind of fighters and we beat them."

He did not mean to be rude, I knew. It was his direct, Oriental way of stating a personal fact, and I did not resent it. But I did explain to him that in the past we had been *very* great fighters — though I kindly abstained from telling him how we had fought them in the revolution, and how we beat them.

That he was genuinely interested he proved to me when we landed.

"*Benim kuchouk, hanoum* (my little lady), I should love to be your *caïque-tchi*, both ways, and I shall

charge you only two *paras* for each crossing, if you will only tell me what you are going to see every day, and whether you found it over yonder."

I extended my microscopic hand, and he took it solemnly in his big callous brown one.

"You are a dear, Ali Baba," I cried. I did not know what his name was, but Father Ali seemed to suit him.

Byzantine history, combined with my search in old Byzantium, and Ali Baba's rapt attention to my expounding of it, made that winter a very happy one. I generally returned when the city was bathed in the sunset light; and these hours with Ali Baba, listening, his oars poised over the waters of the Golden Horn, — truly golden at this hour, — were hours of enchantment for me. How could we help becoming fast friends, sharing, as we did, such magical moments together. I liked him so much that I began to economize and make him presents I thought he needed, such as a new shirt, a new pair of stockings, a new cloth for his turban; and it almost broke my heart when one evening, as he was landing me on the Constantinople side, he, too, made me a present. It was a very gaudy red-and-blue handkerchief, filled with raisins and *leblebia*, — a delectable grain only to be found in Turkey.

I accepted these, apparently delighted, yet won-

dering what I was to do with them. It would be impossible to enter the house and go to my room without having to explain the handkerchief and its contents,—and the handkerchief would mean to tell about the boat-rides, and I did not wish to contemplate what would follow that disclosure. With a great deal of heart-aching I had to dispose of the sweets. I gave them to some urchins in the street, and my ache in a measure was relieved by the joy they manifested.

Although this was the only winter I traveled with Ali Baba, I never forgot him. Indeed, the bond between us was too great lightly to forget; and when I came to town I always managed to save a half-hour for him. I would go directly to the quay, and if he were not there I would wait for him till he came back from the other side. If he were there he always rose quickly, unfastened his little *caïque*, and off we were; only to stop in midstream, his oars poised in the air, his kind eyes twinkling, his mouth half open with a smile, listening to the things I had to say of books and of travels.

CHAPTER XV

MY LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN

THE following year I was sent to Paris for my studies, where I was to remain for three whole years without returning home ; yet during my first summer holidays my mother changed her mind and sent for me. That summer, too, we were not to spend at our home on the island, but at Pantich, an adorable and sleepy little Turkish village, on the Asiatic shore of the Marmora.

Pantich is as far behind the rest of Turkey as the rest of Turkey is behind Europe. Its traditions are those of the Byzantine period, when Constantinople was the capital of the Greek Empire. The Turkish quarters cluster around the *tzami*, which is built in a square of plantain trees, with a fountain in the middle. The Greek houses make a belt around their little orthodox church, with a school on its right, and a cemetery on its left. And though the Turks and the Greeks are divided like the goats and the sheep, all men wear the fez, and all women veil their faces.

Only one event ever happened in Pantich: the coming of the railroad through it. Small wonder that when the trains began to run, the inhabitants

brought their luncheons and sat all day long close to the rails, waiting to see the wonderful thing pass, which ran of its own accord with a speed beyond the dreams of the fastest horse. Small wonder, too, that the rents of the houses near the track began to go up like speculative stocks in a Wall Street boom.

The house we took belonged to a Turkish lady, who became at once the great interest of my life, although she was never to be seen. We heard that she was the former wife of dashing young Nouri Pasha, whom we knew on the island of Prinkipo, and who was famous for his looks, his riches, and his many beautiful wives. We transacted our business with her through one of her slaves. The lady herself had never been seen since the day she left her husband, eight years before, and came to bury herself in her maternal property here.

Our house was surrounded by a very large garden and an orchard, the trees of which were so old and so patched that I was never surprised on climbing a cherry tree to find plums growing there, or at the top of a plum tree to discover *dzidzifa*. It became a game with me to climb the highest trees, to see what would grow on the top branches. These trees were grafted with the greatest ingenuity, not for the fruit, but for the color scheme in blossom time.

At the end of our orchard there was a drop of

about eight feet, and there began the garden surrounding the house where our proprietress lived. It must have comprised a hundred acres, and ended at the sea. It was not cultivated, like the other properties, but was mostly woodland, with flowers in the clearings. What I could see of it fascinated and attracted me. I had an idea that if I could penetrate into that garden, I should surprise the spirits of the flowers and trees, who, thinking themselves protected from human intrusion, must come forth from their earthly shells to parade under their own shadow.

We had been in our new old house for two weeks, and when I was neither reading nor climbing the trees, I was scheming how to get into the garden. In all my reconnoitring I had never seen or heard a human being in that garden below, and if I had not known that people lived there, I should have thought the property abandoned.

My mother went away for the week-end. It was early afternoon, and the entire universe was at siesta. I chose that hour to make a still closer search for a means of getting down those eight feet, to roam the beckoning garden. If discovered, of course I should have to pretend that I had fallen in accidentally. I went as near to the edge as I could, and before I knew it, down went the stones under my feet,

and down went I, followed by more stones. In falling, my teeth cut my lip, and made it bleed. I lay partially stunned, but certain I was not badly hurt; for all my limbs had answered to the call of my little brain. Then I heard the *prat-prat* of running feet, and waited to see what would happen.

A young woman came and bent over me.

"*Yavroum*, are you hurt?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"But you are bleeding!" she exclaimed in a horrified tone.

She was joined by another woman, somewhat older, who was all out of breath from running.

"Is she dead?" she cried.

"It will take more than this to kill me," I declared, and moved to get up.

"No! no! Be still. We will carry you to our mistress," they commanded.

Willingly I obeyed. One took hold of my shoulders, and the other of my feet, and they carried me to a small summer-house, in a grove of cypresses. A tall, slender woman dressed in the green of the grass half rose from a couch.

"Is she hurt, Leila?" she asked, and it was as if I were a little bird fallen from its nest, so remote and impersonal was the interest manifested in her voice. If at the time I had been familiar with Maeterlinck,

I should have thought that I was a minor actor in one of his unreal plays, and the lady in green the leading character.

"She 's bleeding, mistress."

"Then you had better carry her into the house."

She rose and preceded us. Her walk, like her speech, seemed remote from common earth, and to my half-closed eyes she seemed to float along, not to proceed step by step, as do common mortals.

They carried me into the vast hall of her house, paved with cement, and ending in a balcony overhanging the Sea of Marmora, and laid me on a couch. The mistress of the house sat by me, and touched my cheek lightly with one of her fingers.

"Get some fresh water, Leila," she commanded.

The younger of the two slaves lifted an iron cover in the middle of the hall, and dropped down an old black iron bucket, which after a long minute touched water in the depths of the earth. The water she brought me was icy cold. They bathed my mouth, and put a wet towel on my head. Inwardly I was laughing at all this attention; but I was quite content.

When the bleeding stopped, the lady ordered a sherbet. It was made of fresh cherries, cool and sweet, and I ate it with great relish. Then the lady in her soft, remote voice crooned: —

"You are the baby of my new tenants, are you not?"

"I am not a baby," I answered, insulted. "I'm quite grown up, only I'm undersized — and all my frocks are three years old. But because they are in good condition, and I can't outgrow them enough, I must keep on wearing them."

She laughed. "I have been watching you since you came here, and it seems to me wonderful that you have n't been killed several times. Why do you keep on climbing those trees?"

"To get my afternoon tea up there," I answered; "besides which it keeps me thin."

The light of amusement danced in her eyes, but she did not laugh again.

"I can see what you think in your eyes," I said. "You think that what I need is fattening. My family takes care of that; for I am made to swallow everything from *vin de quinquina* to any other drug they may see advertised, with or without the consent of the doctor. And if I were to get fat, they would then start on the opposite drugs."

At this she burst forth into peals of laughter, and in the midst of her laughing she said "I do believe you are older than you look."

I gave a jump and sat upright. The two slaves, who were standing over me with their arms crossed,

exclaimed in unison: "She must not move, mistress, she must not move!"

"Now lie down, like a little dear, and tell me how old you are."

"To show you how old I am," I said proudly and priggishly, "I may tell you that I have finished my Greek studies, and have been a year in Paris. I return there again in September."

"In Paris! You have been in Paris?" she asked reverently, losing some of the remoteness in her voice.

I was pleased to notice the interest I was arousing in her.

"Oh, I have been there several times before, only now I am there as a student."

"I am going to send word to your mother that you fell into my garden, that you are a little hurt, and that I shall keep you all the afternoon."

"You need n't trouble yourself," I said, "for there 's nobody at home but the maids. I shall be all alone for two days now."

"Indeed!" Her eyes shone with pleasure. "Then perhaps you would like to spend those two days with me?"

"I should love to," I cried; "but I must first make you a little confession."

She leaned over me and forced me to lie down. She was still quite Maeterlinckian.

"What is your confession?"

"The reason I fell into your garden," I proceeded very quickly, "was because I was reconnoitring how to manage to fall into it. I wanted very much to see your garden — and you."

"Why?"

"For many reasons," I answered diplomatically.

"Give them to me."

"W-e-l-l, you have lived here for years now, without ever leaving the place."

"I don't know of any one in Pantich who ever does leave it."

"Y-e-s, I know; but you are different."

She leaned over me with the look of a severe fairy in her large dark eyes.

"You just tell me why you wished to see me."

"All the truth?" I asked.

"All the truth."

"Well, for the romance which surrounds you. You left Nouri Pasha and his beautiful houses to come and live here, in this very old house, in a place where nothing ever happens. Besides, I imagined you to be very beautiful."

"And do you find me as beautiful as you thought?"

"I don't know. All I can think of when I look at you is — a fountain — "

"To call *me* a fountain is almost like a wicked jest,"

she interrupted. "A fountain gives constantly forth the riches of its waters."

"But the fountain you remind me of had no waters. It was a big fountain, in the middle of which sat a bronze lady looking exactly like you. The waters were to pour forth from her two extended hands — but none came. The gardener told me they had lost the key, and they had never been able to unlock it. And as there were many more fountains in the place, they did not bother."

A cloud passed over her face.

"Then I *am* like your fountain."

She sat drooping, her hands clasped in her lap, gazing before her with that gaze which sees not the world. At length she shook herself out of her mood and turned to the slave: —

"Leila, go to the little bird's home, and say she is with us, and that I shall keep her till her mother returns. And you, Mihri, can go and make the room next to mine ready for this little child."

"Please don't call me 'little child,'" I exclaimed. "I am fourteen years old, and at my age my great-grandmother was married and had a son."

She gave no heed to my words, seeming to be lost in her own thoughts.

"When you go to Paris somebody accompanies you, of course."

"Not always. I know all the captains of the Fabre Line, and all the officers. I am placed in their care, and at Marseilles I take the train, and reach Paris the same day, where I am met. Anyway, I could go to the end of the world by myself."

The word Paris seemed to possess the power to give her whatever semblance to life she could acquire.

"But sometimes somebody may go with you as a companion — yes?"

"Yes," I assented.

She rose, and crossing the vast hall, stood on the balcony overhanging the sea. When she came back to me her eyes seemed changed. They were larger, deeper, and full of mystery. She was more than ever like the Lady of the Locked Fountain.

"I am very glad you fell to-day into my garden. I think — I — shall like you." She sat down comfortably by me, cross-legged, her long string of amber beads held in her clasped hands. "Tell me, what do you do with the books you are so interested in when you are not trying to dig your grave by climbing the trees?"

"I read them," I answered, puzzled.

"Read? Read what?"

"Just read," I answered again. "Don't you read?"

She shook her head.

"Don't you ever read anything?" I exclaimed; for my own life was made up of books. Then the suspicion came to me that perhaps she did not know how. "Can't you read?" I asked.

"I learned when I was a child; and I can still read the Koran, where I know it pretty well, and some poetry."

"Then you do read poetry?"

"Not now; for I know my poems by heart."

I stared at her in amazement. "You don't know by heart all the poems in the world, do you?"

"No, unless all the poems in the world are ten," she answered, smiling.

I pondered a minute over her state of mind. "I think I should go mad unless I had books to read," I observed.

"What is in them?" she asked, more simply than I had ever asked about anything in my life. At that moment she was a pure Asiatic, descended from a thousand Asiatic ancestors, from whom the books have kept their secrets. "What is in them?" she repeated. "Are n't they all alike?"

"Each book is the history of a human being, or of a whole race; and sometimes it takes books and books to tell you about the one or the other."

"How many have you read in all?"

"Thousands," I answered vaingloriously.

"And do you love them all?"

I shook my head. "No, there are horrid books, as there are horrid people; but most of them are beautiful, full of the lives and stories of people who have lived and dreamed and done things in the world."

"Tell me some of them."

She bent her head and listened, while I told her some of my favorite tales; and as I talked she became excited, and laughed when the stories were funny, and cried if they were sad.

During the two days I spent with her, I related many of the books I had read; and at the end of my stay we were close friends, for if I was a child in years, she was one in experience. And she was so delightfully simple, with a simplicity which must have made God glad to have created human beings.

If she were ignorant of books, she was curiously full of ideas concerning things she had observed. Because she lived in solitude and watched the sky, she knew all the stars — not by their scientific names, but by ones she invented for herself. As we sat on the balcony over the water she told me that at certain seasons of the year a large luminous star kept watch over the opposite side of the Marmora. She called it the "heavenly lily," and knew the exact hour it appeared every night, and how long it would

stay. She told me that the coming of certain stars had to do with the growth of certain flowers and crops. She spoke of them not as stars, but as heavenly watchers, whose earthly worshipers were the flowers. The water she referred to as the earth's milk. She disliked the winds, but she loved the storms, "because they proved that Allah could lose his temper. It is nice," she added in a very low tone, as if afraid that he might hear her, "it's nice to feel that Allah himself has failings."

But if she were ready to talk of her thoughts, there was a certain aloofness about her which exempted her personal affairs from discussion. Indeed, I still had the impression of talking with the bronze Lady of the Fountain. This attitude of hers several times arrested on the tip of my tongue the sentence: "Why did you leave handsome Nouri Pasha?"

Just before I went away, she asked, apropos of nothing, "When do you leave for Paris?"

"At the end of September, or maybe the first week in October."

"It is a very long way off," she murmured, half to herself.

"It will pass quickly enough."

She remained silent, in that silence which is full of whispers. One felt the talking of her thoughts.

After this first visit it became a habit of hers to

send for me often to spend entire afternoons with her. She let me climb her trees and gather fruit for our afternoon meal, while the slaves drew cool water from the well.

When our friendship was a few weeks old, I asked her: "Do you like living here all alone in this old house? Nouri Pasha has so many other houses, both on the island and on the Bosphorus, which are ever so much nicer than this old one. Why don't you take one of those?"

"This is not Nouri Pasha's house," she corrected me. "This is my own house. I was born here, and I love it. You must n't call it old, otherwise it will be offended, and its shadow will grow dark when you come into it."

I did not say anything for a while, and it was she who spoke again.

"You know Nouri Pasha, then?"

"Oh, yes. He lives near us on the island, and I love the horses he rides, they are so large and shiny; and I can tell it is his carriage from very far off, because he has so many unnecessary chains on the harness, which dangle and make a fuss."

She laughed like a child at this description, and I, encouraged by the laugh, asked boldly: —

"Did you love him very much?"

"I think so," she replied simply.

"Frightfully?"

The girlish adverb amused her.

"Perhaps — even so."

As she said the last words her voice became remote, her eyes took on their unhuman expression, and she turned again into the Lady of the Fountain. Yet her lips opened, and she said: —

"Tell me a story, fairy child, — a story about Paris."

And because Alexandre Dumas *père* has lived and written, I could tell her of France in dazzling colors, in dazzling deeds. In the midst of my story she broke in: —

"Have you ever seen — " She stopped abruptly. "Go on, go on, dear. Forgive me for interrupting."

"Have I ever seen what?" I insisted.

A forbidding look made me continue my story.

She became a regular part of my life. I even was obedient at home, for fear that as a punishment I might be kept from her. As soon as luncheon was over, I would lie down for my hour of rest, then dress quickly and go to the place where I had first fallen into her garden. There we now had two ropes fastened, for me to slide down. Sometimes she would even be there, ready to catch me before I touched the ground.

We were fast friends, yet our friendship partook

of the unreal, since she never gave me anything except her impersonal thoughts. Of her past life she never spoke, and her heart was as withheld from me as the waters of the fountain to which I had compared her.

Again one day she began: "Have you ever seen — " and again broke off, and insisted that she had meant to say nothing, and apologized for not knowing what she wanted to say.

I pondered a good deal over the unfinished phrase, and finally thought I had found the end of it. So one afternoon when she began for the third time, "Have you ever seen —" and stopped, I added — "Nouri Pasha's other three wives? Yes, I have seen them, and if I were a man I'd gladly give all three of them to get you."

She turned squarely upon me, a look of amazement in her deep brown eyes, which at the moment were full of the light of the sun and appeared golden. Then she exploded into laughter. Peal followed peal, and I was cross at her for making me appear stupid when I had thought myself so clever.

"Just what made you think this?"

Out of my anger, I answered brutally: "Well, it is quite natural that you should want to know about the women who have supplanted you."

The instant the words were uttered I repented

them, and I should have tried to gain her pardon, except that she did not even seem to have noticed my brutality.

"I know how they look," she said calmly: "and men would not agree with you about the exchange. Besides, they are all younger than I — the youngest is only three years older than you — only as old as I was when I was married."

Her voice had been growing colder and colder, and the chill of November frost was on the last word. Fortunately Leila came in with her zither to sing and play. When the time came for me to go away, my friend kissed and patted me for a long time, and said: —

"When the hanoum, your mother, goes away again, will she not let you come and stay with me, if I send word I shall be responsible for your neck?"

Thus it came about that whenever my mother went off for a week-end, I found myself the guest of my Lady of the Fountain, and slept in the little room off hers. During one of these visits she came in at night, and sat down near my bed.

"When you go to Paris this time, some one will accompany you," she said.

"No, I am going alone."

She shook her head. "No, no, you will have some one with you; for I am going with you."

I was amazed to the point of speechlessness. When I regained my tongue I exclaimed: —

"You know perfectly well that the Government will never permit it."

"Yes. That is why I shall not ask the Government. I have always wanted to see the world, and especially Paris. I never saw how I could do it till you fell into my garden — and I know that I can trust you."

"But how will you manage it?"

"I shall be your companion."

"You can't, you speak neither Greek nor French. Every one will guess you are Turkish."

"I can be an Armenian, and as for French, I am going to learn it. We have time. You can teach me."

Nothing delighted me more than an adventure — and such an uncommon one. Until late into the night we talked about her trip, studying it in its various aspects. We decided that I should first write to the convent where I stayed in Paris to ask if they would take an Armenian lady. Later I was to write to the Compagnie Fabre and engage her stateroom. "But the passport," I cried suddenly. "You must have a passport, you know, to leave Turkey."

"Oh, that I have thought of, and I have it all arranged. You know Sourpouy, the Armenian girl,

the lace-vendor of the village? She is tall like me, with brown hair and brown eyes. I shall ask her to go to Athens for me, to buy me some laces there. I shall pay her expenses, and a good commission. She must, of course, have a *teskeré* — yes?"

"Naturally."

"Well, she will get it. She will bring it here. I will examine it, and so will Leila. While she examines it, she smokes — but Leila is very awkward — the paper comes near her match, and it burns. You see?"

"I see, only — "

"Only what burns is not the passport. I am very angry. I scold Leila, and then Leila says: 'It is an omen for me not to send poor Sourpouy, because it means that Sourpouy is going to drown.' And that makes Sourpouy very superstitious. She will not get another passport, even when I promise more commission — and in this manner, you see, I am left with my passport."

We laughed happily over her plans, and she astonished me with her common sense and practical knowledge. And she who had done no studying since she was a little girl, applied herself to learning French like a poor but ambitious student.

She arranged the twenty-four letters of the French alphabet in three rows, on a large sheet of paper,

and learned them all in two days. Then she cut a hole in another sheet of paper just large enough to permit a single letter to show through, and slipped this about over the alphabet at random, in order to make sure she knew the different letters without regard to their relative positions. In two weeks she was reading fluently in a child's book of stories I had brought her. Of course, she did not understand all that she was reading, but her progress, nevertheless, was marvelous. Since then I have taught many persons French, but never one who learned it so quickly, and her melodious Turkish accent made the French very sweet to hear.

A dressmaker was engaged to make her some European clothes. This would arouse no suspicion, since Turkish women often amused themselves by having a European dress or two made for indoor use. And I was to buy her a hat and a veil. "If it is not becoming to me, I can buy another in Athens when the boat stops there," she said.

Our plan was for her to stay all winter in Paris, and return with me in the spring; or if she got tired of Paris, to return with me at Christmas. Her slaves were devoted to her. Leila was her milk-sister, and a childless widow, and knew of no other happiness than to serve her mistress; and Mihri, who was the older sister of Leila, knew of no other happiness

than to serve the two younger women. The two sisters were to stay at home and pretend that their mistress was ailing, and since she almost never went out of the house, or received any one, it would be an easy matter to hide from the world that the former wife of Nouri Pasha was away from home.

Our talks now were entirely about our journey. Yet there were times when, with her fingers clasped, and watching the ships on the far horizon, she would lose herself in reverie. Then she seemed to be suddenly inexplicably sad. Once when I was spending a week-end with her, she passed the entire afternoon gazing at the sea, her face immobile and lifeless.

After I had gone to bed that night, she came to me as was her custom, and kneeled by me to kiss me good-night. Of a sudden she put her arms around me, and said quickly, as if she were afraid of her own words: —

"*Yavroum*, have you ever seen Nouri Pasha's children?"

"Yes," I answered; "I have seen them all: the three little girls, and the tiny little boy."

"Tell me about them."

I told her all I knew, and especially of the little man who was less than a year old. I had seen him just before we came to spend the summer in Pantich. His mother had been ill ever since his birth and could

not nurse him, and thus he had a French *nounou*, who wore yards and yards of ribbon on her bonnet.

That night was the first time that my Lady of the Fountain was pathetically human. She thirsted for every scrap of news I was able to give her about these children who were not hers, but the man's who had put her aside. When she left me she did not go to her own room, but downstairs, and I heard her opening the door leading out on the terrace below. Thinking about her I fell asleep, and when, several hours later, I awoke again, the pathos of her life was magnified to me by the darkness and stillness of the night. I rose from my bed, and went to her room, to tell her how much *I* at least loved her.

She was not there, and her bed was undisturbed.

Where could she be? I crept cautiously downstairs, and through the open doorway out on the terrace. She sat huddled in a corner, watching the sea, in the same attitude which had been hers all that day. Quietly I sat down beside her, my arms stealing around her. She did not speak to me at once, and when she did her voice was unsteady, and shaking with unshed tears.

"Everything has a purpose in life, — even the stars so high and remote, — and I alone am purposeless. Just because I lost my husband's savage love, I left him — without a word, without an ex-

planation — as if the brutal side of life were all that existed between man and woman. If I had stayed, in spite of the second wife, I might have been of use to him, for I had a good influence over him — and Allah might then have given me a child." She buried her face in her hands. "Allah! I am so useless — so useless!" she moaned.

The silence of the night alone answered her, and I, having no words to comfort her grief, took one of her jasmine-scented hands and kissed it.

Next morning my Lady of the Fountain had quite recovered her composure, and even talked of her coming Paris escapade; but she was pale and worn out, like a battered ship which has met with a storm.

A few days later I came to bid her good-bye, for this time *I* was going with my mother on a visit to the island. She put her arms around me as if she did not wish to let me go. Wistfully she said: —

"When you are on the island could you go to Nouri Pasha's house?"

"Yes."

"Then go and see the little boy. Kiss him, and bring me a kiss from him. Will you?"

On the day after my arrival on the island I went to the pines, where all the children are taken, but the little fellow was not there. The nurses of his sisters told me that his mother was worse, and

wished him kept in the garden so that she could see him from the window.

Thereupon I went to Nouri Pasha's house. The Breton nurse in all her finery was seated under an awning, the baby on her lap. I talked with her awhile, and begged her to let me hold the baby, which she did. It was a sweet baby, and strong.

"Is his mother better?" I asked.

"She will never be better, I fear."

Just then a bell rang out of a window above us, and the nurse got up and took the baby from me, saying: —

"That is for me to take him to his mother."

After she had gone I picked up a rattle the baby had dropped, to give it to some one. I could find no one around, and the idea came to me to keep it and take it to my Lady of the Fountain.

Two days later when I entered her apartment and presented it to her, saying it was a present I had brought her from the island, she took it and examined it with a puzzled expression. Being a European rattle, she did not know what it was.

"What am I to do with it?" she asked.

"To play with it"; and seeing her more puzzled still, I explained to her what it was, and how I had got it.

She patted it affectionately. "Pretty little toy!"

she murmured; "pretty little toy! I believe it is warm yet from the baby touch."

Our French lessons made great progress, and her preparations for Paris were completed. The scheme for obtaining a passport worked without a hitch, and word had come from the convent that the lady could be accommodated. At last September was with us, and its coming that year was cold and dreary. The *tramontana* blew daily, the flowers lost their color and perfume, and the grass turned pale. Already under the eaves one could hear the bustling swallows, and on a particularly cold day news came, somehow, that Nouri Pasha's youngest wife was dead.

My Lady of the Fountain wept as if the girl had been her only child; and between her tears and sobs she kept saying: —

"She was only seventeen — and beloved — and the mother of a boy. And now she is dead, leaving the little one motherless. How cruel! How cruel! And yet Allah must be just."

After this event a great change came over her. She was not sad, since it is forbidden Turkish women to continue their sadness for more than a day or two; yet she was not herself. She was constantly thinking, and her thoughts were not restful. I felt that she did not wish me around, and stayed away. Then

she sent for me. I found her in her own room, writing, the floor littered with torn paper.

"Oh, *yavroum!*" she exclaimed, "I am trying to compose a letter, but it does not come. I have never composed one before. How do you do it?"

"You simply say what you have to say."

"And if what you have to say is that for which your heart cries, how do you say it?"

"You say it in the words your heart uses."

She pondered my advice.

"Yes, yes, you are right. Make no phrases. Just sit down, *yavroum.*" She wrote feverishly, and in a few minutes gave a sigh. "It is done!"

She folded the paper and put it in her bosom. She was very nice to me, but said nothing further of the letter, and refused to read any French.

Leila came and played to her, and I went home without learning anything more about it. As it was now the middle of September, and we were to go in ten days, I had my own preparations to make, and did not see my friend for a few days.

It was again she who sent for me. I found her flushed and excited. She took me in her arms and kissed me with unwonted tenderness.

"You have not been here for so long, *yavroum*, and I have news to tell you. Nouri Pasha will give me the little boy. The French woman will be dis-

missed, and I shall bring him up like an Osmanli boy."

"Are n't you going to Paris with me?" I cried.

"Oh, no! no! I stay right here. Come into the house. Come and see how ready we have made the rooms — ready for the young lion, for he will be here soon."

We went all over the house. It had been scrubbed and cleaned as if for a bridegroom. Her own room had new curtains, new chintz covers, and was beautifully scented.

"He will live right here with me — see!" She pointed to a cradle placed beside her bed. Her face flushed. With one hand she touched the cradle timidly, with the other she pressed her heart, as if to keep it from beating too fast.

On the boy's arrival, the house was wreathed and decorated. All the flowers of the garden were made into garlands, and festooned outside the house from window to window. The two slaves wore new gowns.

Leila received me. "*Evvet, evvet, hanoum effendi,* the young lion has come. He's upstairs with his mother — and she is good to look at."

I climbed the much-beribboned stairs — for all the old brocades and rare Anatolian shawls were draped over the banisters — and went to my lady's room. I

found her seated on a couch, all clad in white satin, holding Nouri Pasha's son fast in her arms.

"Come! come! *yavroum*, come to see him. Is n't he wonderful, and is n't Allah good to me?"

"He is a nice baby; but because you have him you will not go to Paris with me, and you will never, never see the world."

She gazed up at me as if we had never talked of Paris. "Oh, yes, Paris," she murmured dreamily. "That was for my selfish pleasure. But now," she continued with a thrill in her voice, "now I am doing something for the world."

Her face shone with the light which must be lighted from the divine spark within us, when the self is effaced. She looked more than ever like the Lady of the Fountain — but a fountain unlocked, and giving to the world from its abundant waters.

CHAPTER XVI

CHAKENDÉ, THE SCORNED

It was dreary going away to Paris without my Lady of the Fountain, especially since I had made up my mind to have her with me; but it was a well-deserved punishment for attaching importance to the word of an elder.

The following two years were years of little to tell. They were filled with studies and books, and books and studies. Black clouds were already thickening on my young horizon, and I knew that sooner or later I should have to encounter the storm. I had a thousand and one projects for my life. Above all I wanted to become a doctor in order to administer to the Turkish women, who at the time would rather die than see a man doctor. I lived in that dream of wonderful usefulness which was to be mine, and which was to save me from the martyrdom of the women of my race.

The usual fate of a Greek girl, who has to sit and wait until a marriage is arranged for her, seemed to me the worst thing that could befall me. And if the fate of the Greek girl with money was terrible, what could I think of a girl like me, who had no dowry? It would mean a ceaseless plotting of all my female

relatives to capture a suitable *parti*. And a man would be a suitable *parti* if he had money and position, irrespective of any other qualifications.

For a long time I had secretly resolved to work and fit myself to make my own life, and be spared the humiliation of being delivered over by my family to some man who would condescend to receive me without being paid for it. Thus these two years in Paris were years of hard work and application. I had moments of intense longing for Turkey and for my old life, which I had to brush aside and keep on working. Now and then, inclosed in my mother's letters, came epistles from Djimlah and Nashan, but I never heard from Chakendé.

At the end of two years my mother sent for me again. Since I was now sixteen years old, this did not presage well for me. I knew that, as a penniless girl, I had to be disposed of as soon as possible. The older I grew, the more difficult it would be for my female relatives to make a match for me. This was the sword of Damocles hanging over me. It was not that I was averse to being married. On the contrary, in my most adventurous schemes I never saw myself an old maid. I had the inherent hatred of the Greeks for that word. But I wanted to make my own marriage.

I considered for some time, before returning to

Constantinople. I seriously contemplated disobeying the maternal summons and escaping to America; for America always rose up in my dreams as the land of salvation. Ultimately, I knew that I must go there, if I were to earn my own living; but I decided to return to Constantinople. The longing to see it again was strong upon me, and besides, my brother happened to be there at this time; and so long as he was there I hoped that I should not be handed over, like bargain-counter goods, to any man.

"*Ashadnan na Mahomet Rasoul Allah!*
"*Bismallah!*
"*Allah-hu-akbar!*"

These were the words chanted from a near-by minaret in the shrill sweet voice of a young muezzin, as I emerged from my compartment of the Oriental Express, in Constantinople, two days later. My soul answered to this call of the East. I felt as if I should like to throw myself on a prayer-rug, face Mecca, and cry with the young muezzin, "Allah-hu-akbar!" I had left the West behind — I was again in the East, the enchanting, poetical East.

This feeling was strengthened when, on reaching my hotel, I found a letter from my mother telling me not to come to our home on the island that day,

because it was Tuesday, as ill-omened a day with the Greeks as Friday is with the rest of Europe.

Indeed, this was the East again — the East with its cry to Allah, and its predominating superstitions. But I could not yet feel the proper respect for ancestral superstitions. I had the arrogant self-confidence of youth in full, and as youth feels, I felt that the right lay with my own inclinations. It was a hot and oppressive summer day in town, and in disregard of maternal displeasure, I decided to go on immediately by the morning boat.

In spite of the heat and of a strange feeling of oppression in the atmosphere, I went on foot to the Bridge of Galata, in order that I might revel again in the crooked streets of Constantinople, hear the merchants cry out their wares, be followed by some of the stray dogs, salute my old friend Ali Baba, the boatman, and thus assure myself that I really was again in my beloved city on the Golden Horn.

By the time I had bought my ticket for the steamer, Paris was as far from my spirit as it was from my flesh — and the superstitions of my mother no longer seemed unworthy of attention, even though I still persisted in pleasing my selfish self. The idea of a happy compromise suggested itself: I would take the boat to the island, but instead of going to my home, I would spend the day at my cousin's, at the

other end of the island, and arrive at my home on the following day, as my mother had requested.

Thereupon, in pursuit of this comfortable arrangement, on entering the boat, instead of making my way to the first-class deck, where men and Christian women sit together, I betook myself to one of those private little rooms which exist on the Mahshousettes boats exclusively for the convenience of aristocratic Turkish ladies. By secluding myself in one of these, I effectually avoided the risk of recognition and report.

I opened the door of one. The cabin was in semi-obscurity, and occupied by three veiled ladies. However, as the place could accommodate four, I entered. It was their privilege to ask me to depart, if they did not care for the company of an unbeliever. I sat down and waited to see if they would use their prerogative. To my surprise a lithe young woman rose hastily and stood before me. Her two slender and tightly gloved hands grasped my shoulders, and a pair of fine eyes peered into mine.

"Why, little Thunderstorm!"

A *feredjé* enveloped me, and my lips came into close contact with the filmy *yashmak* of Chakendé of the Timur-Leng. It was indeed delightful to fall in thus with her. We had before us an hour and a half's sail with no one to disturb us; for the other two women were her attendants and sat without saying a word.

We spent the time in the happiest of talk about the years during which we had not seen each other, and during which we had left behind our girlhood, and crossed the threshold of womanhood; for in the East we become women at an early age.

After I had told her all about myself, at her insistence, — she being the elder, and I having therefore to tell my story first, — I said: —

"You are married, now, I suppose. I remember you were to belong to a young man in Anatolia, to whom you were betrothed when you were an hour old, while he boasted of the great age of seven."

She sighed. "No, I am not, — not yet, — although I am getting on in years."

"Why are you waiting?" I inquired.

All my French manners and training had gone. I was again delightfully Oriental, asking personal questions in the most direct way, as I had answered all that had been put to me.

"It is quite a story, and we are nearly there. Since you are not going home, why not come to my house till to-morrow, where I can tell you all about it?"

"I cannot," I answered. "I must go to my relatives, or there will be too much rumpus, if I am discovered."

"Very well, then, drive with me first to my house; I will leave the attendants there, tell my mother

where I am going, and go with you. In this way we shall have the whole afternoon together. My attendants can call for me in the evening."

That is how it happened that on reaching the island I drove in a closed carriage with three veiled ladies to the *haremlik* of Djamal Pasha, and afterwards, with only one, arrived at my cousin's house.

To my cousin I explained my plight and introduced Chakendé Hanoum. There was no one at home except my cousin and her children. After luncheon Chakendé and I went into the guest-room, where we made ourselves comfortable in loose garments. She braided her long, thick hair in two braids, and put a string of pearls, like a ribbon, over her head. She had clad her slim young figure in a loose, white *pembezar*, made quite in French fashion. Cut a little low at the neck, it displayed, besides another string of pearls, a throat full and white, beautiful in shape and in its youthful freshness. She was so good to look upon that I again bethought me of the man for whom she had been destined.

"Now tell me why you are not married," I said.

She laughed, and sighed again.

"Because he will not have me."

"He — who?" I queried.

"The man I was engaged to when I was a baby."

"Upon my word!" I cried with indignation.

"Now, Thunderstorm, you need not go ahead and blame him. His reasons are excellent, — as his face is kind and his figure straight, like a cypress tree."

"You have seen him, then?"

"Yes, he has been in Constantinople for the past two years, and I have seen him several times through the lattices of my window."

"And he refuses to marry you?"

"So he does."

"On the ground — "

"That he does not know me. You see he is tainted with European culture, and he thinks a man ought to choose his own wife. I was chosen for him; therefore, he does not wish to marry me."

"Why don't you give him up and marry some one else? There are plenty who would be glad to have you."

She shook her head. "It so happens that I want him and no one else. And what is more," she added illogically, "I respect his reasons. He says that he does not wish to be married to a woman he has not seen, and of whose character he knows nothing."

"Very well," I remarked. "Since you respect his reasons, and since you are modern enough yourself, why don't you try to meet him unveiled somewhere and have a chat with him?"

Dubiously she shook her head again. "I don't

know how to manage it. He does not go to the Christian houses to which I go. Besides, none of my Greek friends would care to take the risk of arranging to have us meet."

"I'll do it," I declared.

Her face flushed with pleasure. "You are just the same madcap as ever. Paris has n't robbed you of any of your spirit. How often I have wished you were here — only I did not know whether you had become so wise that you would not do foolish things any more."

For some time we discussed the matter, though without arriving at any feasible plan. At length I left her, radiantly cheerful, and went into the nursery to lie down, in order to leave the guest-room entirely to her. My little cousins, three in number, were already on their beds, and I stretched myself out on the divan.

Instead of being cooler on the island, the oppression of the atmosphere was more intense. There seemed something ominous in the heavy stillness of the air, broken only by the noise of the yelling dogs in the distance.

I was just beginning to doze off, when my couch swung to and fro like a hammock.

My little eight-year-old cousin raised her head from her bed and stared at me across the room.

"Alkmeny!" I said crossly, "don't shake your bed, child. It shakes the room most unpleasantly."

"I thought it was *you* shaking the room," the child replied.

Then it occurred to me that it would take a giant to shake the huge room. It was the second story of a rock house, with two-foot-thick walls.

The room shook again, so violently that I bit the end of my tongue, and for the moment thought of nothing except the pain of it. Then it grew dark, like dusk, and there was a noise as if hundreds of baskets of walnuts were being poured down the staircase. In the thick stone walls cracks a foot wide appeared; the edges trembled, as if uncertain whether to fall inside or out, and with a crash came together again.

The children were thrown out of their beds, and I gazed at them passively. At this instant did some past incarnation of mine say the word "earthquake!" or was the word really called by some one outside? All I know is that "*seismos!*" rang in my ears, and with it everything I had ever heard about earthquakes flashed into my mind. "Don't walk — crawl!" was the first thing; and obeying it I dropped to the floor, caught up the youngest child in my arms, and told the other two to cling to my gown. Then,

in a sitting position, I worked my way out of the room and down the stairs.

The floor was waving up and down, but we managed to get down the short flight of steps. The noise meanwhile was deafening, and the darkness in the house complete. When we reached the front door and were about to go out, one of the maids pushed me violently aside and dashed out herself. A part of a falling chimney struck her on the head, and she fell to the ground, quite dead. I climbed over her body, still crawling, with the child in my arms. My white négligé was covered with the maid's blood, but this did not affect me at the time in the least. I crawled on and on while the terrific noises and the shaking continued, always remembering that the safest place was the middle of the lawn — as far from the house as possible. The children were holding tightly to my dressing-gown, and they, too, were covered with the dead woman's blood.

As we were scuttling along the ground, little four-year-old Chrysoula cried out: "Cousin, my foot is caught!" One of the cracks in the earth — which was opening and shutting — had her little foot imprisoned; but in a second it opened again and her foot was free.

Fortunately the house was surrounded by a large open lawn; otherwise we might have been killed by

the falling trees. In the middle of the lawn we lay still, fascinated and bewildered. It was lighter out here in the open, so that we could see what was taking place. I was not consciously afraid. A kind of exaltation possessed me that I should be there to see the wonderful, ghastly spectacle.

The Turks say that during an earthquake devils with fiery eyes fly about the sky. And surely we saw them, only they must have been huge stones, hurled into the air, which crashed together, giving forth sparks that, for the fraction of a second, illumined their dark petrine bodies. One of those devils fell with a crash on the stable. It went through the roof, and in a few minutes the entire building was ablaze.

After this the earthquake proper ceased, but the earth still trembled, so that the oldest child fell over on my lap two or three times; and Chrysoula, who was sitting comically tilted back with her feet in the air, — her one thought being to keep them from catching again in the earth-cracks, — would tip over, and then scramble back into her undignified position.

From the stable, now burning like a bonfire, a horse dashed madly out. He was making directly for us when he fell, and lay where he fell. He had stepped into an earth-crack and broken his leg, and had to be shot afterwards.

Meanwhile the noises gradually lessened; but the air was filling with smoke and the smell of the fires. My cousin's house still stood, apparently unhurt, except for the chimneys; but what a devastation there was of those around us! They were mostly modern with new anti-seismic devices, such as iron bands around them. All these were lying in ruins, the irons twisted and warped, the walls shapeless heaps of stones, beneath which were buried many of those who had loved them and called them home. The old-fashioned houses, without the irons, withstood the shocks better. When afterwards I went into my cousin's house, I found that most of the furniture was broken, the plastering had all fallen, the pictures were down, and the cracks in the walls had not come together smoothly.

During the earthquake we saw no one, except the maid that had been killed. After an interval Chakendé, whom I had entirely forgotten, came out of the house, her left arm bandaged and in a sling.

"I am hurt," she said quietly, sitting down beside me; "but I have bandaged it up and it is all right. I am troubled, though, about my people, and it will be some time before it will be possible for me to go to them, I suppose."

Her manner was subdued, her face white, her eyes still frightened.

What seemed a very long time passed before the people began to come out of the ruins of the houses. My cousin appeared, crying hysterically. On seeing her children, she stopped crying.

"My God!" she screamed, "I have children!" She had totally forgotten about them.

A few hours later my cousin's husband arrived from Constantinople. The boats, fortunately, had not been injured and were all running. He was an official and brought out with him three young men, his subordinates, two Greeks and a Turk. They told us that the damage in town was even worse than on the islands, so that we could expect to receive no tents from the Government that night.

The heat of the day had changed to cold, which in our nervous condition we felt severely, and the two Greeks set about building a fire and preparing something for us to eat.

Chakendé went up to the young Turk and spoke to him; then she came to me: —

"This young man is going to help me bury the maid," she said. Both to me and to the Turk she spoke in French, but it was not a day to think of such trifles. "We have already carried her into the laundry-house, and now we shall go and dig a grave."

Chakendé and the Turk went off to bury the Christian maid. It was an odd fact that during this

whole earthquake, while all other nationalities were thinking of the living, it was the Turks mostly who thought of the dead.

When they came back to me, who still had the care of the children, for both my cousin and the maids were too hysterical to attend to them, Chakendé said: —

"We are thinking that if we can get several rugs we can put up some kind of tents for the children and the rest of us to sleep under."

"It is mademoiselle who thought of that," the young Turk said with admiration; and I realized then that he was far from guessing that she was a Mussulman girl; for Chakendé, having nothing to cover her face with, went about like a European.

"That's a good idea," I assented, "but who is going to get the rugs? It will be difficult to make any one go into the house."

"I shall go," Chakendé said.

"Oh, no, mademoiselle!" the Turk protested. "This is a man's work, not a woman's. It is a dangerous task, and besides, rugs are heavy."

She smiled. "But I shall go along, too. Come, monsieur, don't lose any time. The earth is quiet for the present."

They left me, and on their return he was carrying a heavy pile of rugs, while Chakendé had all the sheets

and pillows she could manage with her uninjured arm. The two of them proved remarkable tent-makers. One could see that they came of a race which for centuries had lived in tents. Not only did they put up one for my cousin's family, but a little one for Chakendé and myself. They disappeared again, and returned with blankets. They made several trips into the house, until they had us all fully supplied with bedding. For one reared amid the seclusion of a harem she really was wonderful. Her presence of mind, her fearlessness, and her resourcefulness astonished me, engrossed though I was.

After we had eaten and put the children to bed, Chakendé, the young Turk, and I went and sat off at a little distance, and talked over the events of the day. None of us had any desire for sleep, although it was late. The earth was still groaning occasionally, and it was unpleasant to lie down, since one could hear hideous rumblings and tremblings which gave one a curious feeling of seasickness.

"What a day!" Chakendé exclaimed, after a long silence. There was a certain exhilaration both in the voice and in the manner of the girl. She seemed detached from the awfulness of it all, in spite of the bloody wrappings on her arm.

The Turk hardly took his eyes from her, and there was no mistaking his condition. He had met the

woman he was to remember till he died, whether he ever saw her again or not.

Chakendé did not look in his direction. She sat erect, her head held proudly above her lovely throat. She was even prettier than she had been in the daytime.

Presently the young man spoke, addressing himself to her: —

"Mademoiselle, we have worked together to-day, as companions — as friends. I should like you to give me something to keep for the rest of my life."

"Monsieur only asks," she replied, without looking at him; "he does not offer to give anything to be remembered by."

It was a weird night, one of those nights when people cannot be conventional. In my place I made myself very small, trying to forget I was present, as the two seemed to forget me.

"I, mademoiselle?" repeated the man, in a voice full of emotion. "I have given you to-day all that is best in me. And whatever my life may become, that best will always belong to you."

"And in exchange, monsieur asks?" Chakendé said, still not turning toward him.

"I only ask your name, mademoiselle. I should like to repeat it daily — to have it be the nectar of my soul."

"Since monsieur asks so little, it would be cruel to deny him."

She turned slowly around till her eyes met his. Distinctly she said: —

"My name is Chakendé, and I am known as the only daughter of Djamal Pasha."

The young man gave a start. "You are — ? You are — ?"

She nodded. "The woman you have scorned for the past two years." She turned away, and gazed out into the darkness. In a minute she rose. "Come, Thunderstorm," she said to me, "I think we might as well go to our tent."

The young Turk rose, too, and barred her way respectfully.

"Hanoum Effendi," he said, speaking in Turkish now, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Does the effendi think it would be so great an honor?" she asked, with a little catch in her voice.

"It would be an honor for me; it would give me the privilege of worshiping you, of protecting you, of taking away all thorns from your path, and of strewing it with roses. I ask to be allowed to be your servant, as you are the mistress of my soul."

"The effendi speaks very beautifully," she commented.

"I love you!" he cried. "I love you!"

She gave him her right hand, and he, bending as a worshiper, touched it with his lips; then as a man he drew her to him, and covered her hair and her eyes and her lips with his kisses.

When Chakendé and I retreated to the little tent arranged for us, the young Turk lay down on the ground outside, across the doorway. Chakendé on her rug prayed to Allah, her uninjured arm upstretched with the palm toward heaven. After she had finished she turned to me.

"Dear little Thunderstorm," she said, "it has been a horrible day, a devastating day, a life-taking day, but ah! — to me it has been the most wonderful day of my life."

CHAPTER XVII

A GREAT LADY OF STAMBOUL

THE earthquake subsided, and, little by little people began to forget its terrors. Some who had old-fashioned houses plucked up courage to enter them; then to abandon their tents and stay in them. One day some young people laughed, and others echoed their laughter. Gradually the older people began to laugh, too; and the terrible shock which had killed so many thousands and unnerved so many more began to lose its hold over the imagination of the people.

Before the month was over, life became normal, and we talked of ordinary, everyday things. One day, as I was sitting by my mother, making lace, she casually remarked: —

"Nashan is to be married, you know."

Of all my Turkish friends Nashan was the one my mother liked best. Perhaps this was because she felt that she had had a share in her bringing up, since the day on which she had been summoned by Nashan's mother to pass judgment on the little girl's clothes — the little girl whose raiment I had compared to that of a *saltimbanque*, when she had thought that she was dressed like a great lady.

"Oh! is she?" I cried, a trifle hurt. "She had not even written me that she was engaged. I am afraid she cannot care for her marriage."

I hastened to call on her. She received me in her French boudoir, faultlessly dressed in a Parisian gown, her hair done in the coiffure prevalent in Europe at the time. We were so glad to see each other that at first we forgot about the marriage. Finally I asked about it.

Boundless became her indignation. "He is an Asiatic," she cried, with undisguised horror. "They are giving me to a man who cannot understand a word of French — to a man who is an *arrière* — who believes in the subjection of women! They are handing me over to an unknown, who has not touched my heart, — merely because our fathers decided that we should become husband and wife. And this Anatolian — this man who has lived all his life in an uncivilized country — has come to claim me — *me*, as his wife."

Since her indignation could rise no higher, it toppled over in a torrent of tears. She laid her blond head in my lap, and wept. And I wept with her, because she was eighteen and I was sixteen, and life seemed so full of tragedy. How dreadful the world looked to us in that hour — and how we hated our elders.

She had lost her mother, her only supporter, as, long ago, I had lost my father. We had an orgy of tears, which cleared the atmosphere, and helped the barometer to rise. The courage of youth returned to us.

"What do you intend to do?" I asked.

"I thought of dying," she said simply, "but I don't want to. I hate to die. Life is so interesting, and I am so healthy." Inconsequentially she added: "Come and see my trousseau."

No French girl could have had a Frenchier one. No Parisian a more Parisian one. If the father was imposing an Anatolian husband upon her, he was generous in his supply of European accessories. She and I forgot our troubles in admiring and gloating over the creations just arrived from Paris.

"And now look!" she cried, in a tone of loathing. She opened a closet and drew forth a chest, richly inlaid. From its heart she took several garments: they were Anatolian — even more Oriental than if they had been Turkish. She threw them on the floor, and stamped upon them. "His grandmother is insulting me with these. She thinks *that* is the way *I* dress — I, a European to my finger-tips."

I picked up the despised garments and examined them with curiosity mingled with admiration. The straight, stiff tunics of homespun silk, the jackets

reaching below the knees, spun by hand and fantastically embroidered in a riot of color, were full of Oriental poetry.

"But they are truly lovely," I cried. "They're better than your French clothes. Any woman would look adorable in them. I wish you would wear them."

Nashan only snatched them from my hands and stamped on them again.

As the date of her marriage drew near, I heard there were scenes of rebellion and tears of helplessness, but her father held fast to his purpose, and the marriage took place. I did not go to it. I was engrossed with my own troubles at the time, and besides, I did not wish to be present at what I considered the immolation of a woman.

Two days after the wedding, a note reached me from her, saying: "Will you come and spend the day with me?"

I went to her new home in Stamboul — fortunately void of his relatives, since these all lived in Anatolia. She was seated in a vast, bare, Oriental room which contrasted strangely with her French gown and Parisian coiffure. There were no traces of tears on her face such as I had expected to find; her pupils only seemed larger, and her eyes were shining with a combativeness which I had felt was in her, but which I had not encountered before.

Silently we embraced each other.

"Is he dreadful?" I whispered.

"I don't even know how he looks," she replied. "I have not favored him with a glance. He has not been able to make me speak to him, and you know that, according to our laws, so long as I remain silent, he has no rights over me."

"Do you mean to keep it up, till he becomes discouraged and divorces you?"

Before she had time to answer, one of her slaves came in.

"The *tchelebi* [master] is asking if he may see you."

I rose to go from the room.

"Don't go," she begged.

I sat down, a very uncomfortable little person. Nashan crossed her slender hands on her lap and waited. Her eyes were firmly fixed on the floor; her lips compressed, as for eternal silence.

He came in. I do not know why I expected to see a grown-up man, with man's tyrannical power stamped on his brutal features. What entered was a boy, a timid mustache sprouting on his lip. He was tall and good-looking, but paralyzed with shyness. He looked at nothing except his wife, and his face shone with all the love he felt for her, with all the dreams he must have made about this one

woman, whom he had never seen till the day of his wedding.

We are apt to think only of the woman's side, and few of us ever give a thought to what may be the man's disappointment, the man's crushed ideals, in his marriage. Because he bears it like a man, because he makes the best of what fate has allotted him, often without a word of complaint, we think that the tragedy of marriage is entirely one-sided.

That day, as the young fellow came in, shy and awkward, carrying a small bundle in his hand, prejudiced though I was against him, I somehow felt that there was his side, too. Perhaps it was his extreme youth, his good looks, which touched me; or perhaps it was the expression of misery on his face. Poets and writers have written about the woman's heart-break, but it is the sorrow of the strong which contains the most poetry and pathos.

He timidly took his seat at a distance from her, and fingered the little parcel on his knee. An oppressive silence fell upon us, I furtively watching the youth, he longingly gazing at his bride. Finally he began to undo his parcel, and his movements were so like those of a little boy that I was ready to weep for him. The parcel disclosed a beautifully embroidered pair of Turkish slippers. I suppose they were

the prettiest he could buy, but even at a glance I knew that they were far too large for Nashan.

He rose and advanced timidly, his offering in his hand.

"I brought you these," he said pleadingly. He looked at the slippers and then at her. "They were so lovely I could not help buying them for you."

He sat down on the floor at her feet, and tried to bring the slippers within her notice.

"Let me put them on your pretty feet," he begged.

She neither replied nor by the slightest movement betrayed that she was aware of his existence. She was sitting on a chair, like a European. Her knees were crossed, and one foot dangled before him, as if inviting the new slippers. By a tremendous effort he summoned up courage to slip the Turkish slipper on her foot, over the French shoe, and even then it was too large. It hung suspended for a minute from her unresponsive toe, and fell to the floor.

I laughed, more from nervousness than from mirth.

He turned a troubled, inquiring countenance toward me, and then back to his wife.

"Why is she mocking me? Have I done anything ridiculous?"

He appeared more than ever like a frightened

little boy. He leaned toward her as if he wished to hide behind her skirt, every movement seeming to beg for protection. The stony expression went from Nashan's face. She no longer ignored his existence. What was fine, womanly, maternal in her character became alive.

She put her arm around his shoulder.

"Why are you laughing?" she demanded quietly of me in French. "If he were a Christian dog, he would have known many women, and he would be aware of the sizes of their feet. But he is only a clean Osmanli boy, and, as you see, I am the first woman he has ever seen, beside his mother."

It was a new Nashan: not the Europeanized Nashan, with her foreign veneer; but a real woman, the one who had once said to me, "I am sure of the existence of Allah, because he manifests himself so quickly in me." Unmistakably at that moment God was manifesting himself in her.

I rose to go. She rose, too, and so did the man, who had picked up his slippers and held them fast to his heart. He had not understood a word of the French that had passed between us.

"I bought you these because I thought maybe you would like them," he repeated.

"I like them very much, indeed," she said, taking them from him.

"They are not so pretty, perhaps, as the ones you have on; but they are exactly like those my dead mother used to wear, when I was a little boy and played on her lap."

She listened to him attentively, deferentially, her eyes raised to his. Then she turned to me, who was already going.

"Don't go just yet, dear. I beg of you to remain a few minutes." To her husband: "My lord, will you make my friend feel at home, while I am gone a little while? I have just been hard to her, because she was rude to you; but I do not think she meant to be."

Nashan was gone from the room only a short time, yet I hardly recognized her on her return. She was dressed in one of the Oriental gowns his grandmother had sent her, and which she had despised and trampled upon. Her French coiffure had disappeared. A Turkish veil was arranged on her head, in the strict Oriental fashion for indoors, and on her feet, somehow, she had fastened his slippers.

She bowed low before her husband.

"These, my master, are the garments your honorable grandmother sent me. I hope you like me in them."

He could not speak, nor was there any need; for his face was a worshipful prayer.

She turned to me with a proud little toss of her head.

"Am I a great lady?" she asked, as of old, with whimsical seriousness, "or am I a *saltimbanque?*"

"You are, indeed, a great lady," I said, — and I meant it.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE INVENTIVENESS OF SEMMEYA HANOUM

It was from curiosity rather than from friendship that I accepted Semmeya Hanoum's pressing invitation to spend a few days with her, shortly after Nashan's wedding. As I said in a previous chapter, we had never looked on Semmeya as one of us. We did not trust her; and where there is no trust, how can there be friendship? Still, since I was burning to know what sort of a wife she had made, I replied to her invitation with alacrity.

I did not have to wait very long before I knew that Semmeya Hanoum was the same as ever — that she would rather cheat than play fair. She was the mother of a dear little boy, and it was easy to see that Sendi Bey was the slave of his wife; at the same time it required no cleverness on my part to discover that he did not trust her, and did not believe her word.

I have always wondered, and I suppose that I shall continue to wonder till I die and learn the explanation of many riddles, how it is that a good, upright man can remain in love with a woman whom he cannot trust. On the contrary, it often seems as if the less confidence a man has in his wife, the more in love with her he remains.

On the second morning of my arrival, Nature outside was making herself beautiful as if to pose for her portrait. We had finished our breakfast and were sitting on a couch together when her husband came in, a dark cloud on his forehead. He gave his wife a severe look, which Semmeya met with the candor of an angel.

"I am delighted to see you so early, my Bey Effendi," she said sweetly. "I hope you have slept well"; and as he remained standing, she continued: "Won't you sit down by us, my effendi?"

"Beauty!" thundered the man, "why did you misbehave yesterday afternoon, while you were out driving?"

An expression of utter amazement overspread her features.

"Don't trouble yourself to deny it — you know that it is true," the husband continued, striving to master his anger.

She shrugged her slim shoulders, and the impertinent movement was attractive. Intrinsically she was not a beautiful woman, but she had charm, and the man speaking to her was in love with her. And she knew it.

"You know you did it," he persisted.

Impatiently she tapped the floor with her satin-clad foot. I hate to witness marital disagreements,

so I rose to go; but Semmeya caught my dress and imperiously pulled me back into my seat.

"Beauty," the man reiterated, with rising anger, "you know you did it."

She continued to look out of the latticed window, down on the waters of the Golden Horn. Her profile was turned to her husband. This was the prettiest view of her, and the one she always presented to him when she wished to dominate him — she told me so herself. Her wavy hair was loosely combed on her neck, and a red rose was carelessly placed a little below her pretty ear. She was dressed in a soft green silk garment, the diaphanous sleeves displaying her well-shaped arms. Her slim but well-rounded neck was bare, and one could see that she was in temper by the way the veins stood out on her throat.

"You did it, Beauty," the man persisted in an even monotone that sounded like the approach of the storm.

I rose for the second time to go, but the hand, more imperious than before, pulled me down again; then the owner of the hand snapped out: —

"Since you believe the word of the eunuch against mine, and you are so certain I did it, why do you wish me to verify it? Begone, man! begone!"

"But I want you to tell me why you threw the flowers at the Englishman," her husband demanded.

He turned to me and asked, "Do you think it is nice for a woman to throw flowers at a strange man?"

Before I could reply, she calmly said, "It is not true."

"That you threw flowers at a man?"

She nodded.

"Did she or did she not?" he asked me.

"She did," I answered.

"You wretch!" Semmeya Hanoum cried. "I only threw a rose, and a rose is singular, not plural. Besides, how do you know that I threw it at the man? I might have just thrown it away — and it might have happened to strike his face by accident."

"I suppose you happened to kiss the rose by accident, too?" Sendi Bey inquired grimly.

"Why not? I often kiss roses." She looked at him with laughing defiance. "And now what will you do, my lord?"

"I should like to give you a good thrashing."

"You can't. It is forbidden by the Koran."

"I know it, and I am very sorry. But, Beauty, your actions are getting unbearable; and I am going to put a stop to them. For a month you are not to leave this house without my permission." With these words he marched out of the room.

She turned to me. "I should like to find out whether he will really give orders that I am not to

leave the house. Make ready to go out, and we shall see."

She was waiting for me with a slave when I went to her room, and together we went down the hall. There stood the eunuch with his back to the door, looking determined to die at his post, if necessary.

"Silly, come with us. We are going out for a walk," Semmeya said casually.

He salaamed to the floor, but did not stir. She spoke to him more sharply, and again he salaamed. No matter what she said, he salaamed.

Ignominiously at last we retreated to her room. She sat down and pondered over the situation earnestly. For once, I thought, she would have to acknowledge herself beaten.

At length she sprang to her feet, and I looked up expectantly, but she only told me to take off my wraps, since we should be unable to go out. She stepped out of the room, and I heard her whispering to her slave outside. Presently she reëntered the room briskly.

"When the eunuch comes up, tell him to wait a minute, if I am not here. And meanwhile make yourself as comfortable as you can."

I took a French novel from the table, became interested in it, and had quite forgotten our state of siege when the eunuch spoke to me.

"Wait a minute," I answered, hardly hearing what he had said. "Semmeya Hanoum will be back in a minute."

He took up his station in the doorway, commanding both the room and the hall, and waited, listening intently. After a long while he went downstairs.

Again I was absorbed in my book when the eunuch returned, panting and frightened.

"My mistress! My mistress!" he shouted.

"What is it, stupid? What has happened to your mistress?"

"She has gone!"

"Gone where?"

"Away! Out of the house!" he wailed. "She has outwitted both of us — myself and Yussuf at the gate of the garden. He was called away for a minute, and when he came back, my mistress had disappeared. Ai! ai! it was magic."

"Well, don't stand there wailing; run and tell your master," I said impatiently.

He looked at me in abject terror. "My master! I dare not. He would kill me."

"Then send for him, and I will tell him."

"And you will tell him that I faithfully obeyed his orders," he implored, "and that she did not escape through any negligence on my part?"

Even after I had reassured him on these points,

he departed trembling, and I went down to the parlor to await Sendi Bey. In a few minutes he came, and I told him what had happened. He cross-examined me, became convinced that I knew nothing of his wife's movements, and sent for the unhappy man at the gate, Yussuf.

"Why did you not run after your mistress?" he demanded sternly.

"I did, Your Excellency, but she was nowhere to be seen. There was not a house where she could have entered, or a place where she could have hidden; but she was not in sight. I do not see how she could have run so fast. It is magic!"

Sendi Bey dismissed the man, then called the slaves and the eunuch, and ordered them to search the house, which they did without result. Then he gave orders that no one was to enter or leave the house without his permission, and that when the mistress returned she was to wait at the gate till he had spoken to her.

After we were alone together again, he exclaimed gleefully: "For once she has put herself in my power. On her return I shall go to the gate and make my conditions, and if she does not agree to them, she cannot come in."

"But suppose she does not agree to them, and prefers not to come in?" I asked.

He laughed. "For once," he repeated, "she has put herself in my power. If she does not agree, she will lose all her rights over her boy, since she left the house against my orders. She loves the boy, and she will agree. Now is the time to put an end to her coquettishness."

Whatever satisfaction Sendi Bey and the absent, rebellious Semmeya Hanoum might find in the situation, for me it was rather uncomfortable. I was not able to go even into the garden, and ate a solitary luncheon and then dinner, all the slaves being at their posts to prevent any entry or egress. After finishing my novel, I was just preparing to go to bed when a slave come to me.

My master would like to see you downstairs, if you will be so good," she said.

There was no one in the parlor when I arrived there, but presently the master came in from the selamlik.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Why, nothing," I replied. "I am perfectly comfortable, although the situation is not."

He looked at me with a puzzled air.

"Why did you send for me?"

"I did n't. I was told that you wished to see me."

"There must be some mistake," he said, and pulled the velvet rope of the bell. As if in answer to

the ring, in sauntered Semmeya Hanoum, as cool as a cucumber, cigarette in hand, and apparently just back from her expedition, since she still had on her street costume.

We both stared at her in amazement.

"Hullo, Blossom," she said to me; "sorry to have left you alone all day."

She elaborately ignored her husband. After an instant's stupefaction he strode across the room, took her chin in his hand, and lifted her face.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

She snatched her head away from his hand, and dropped him an extravagant French curtsy.

"Where I pleased, my master."

The man was shaking with anger.

"How did you get in?"

She waved her gloved hand toward the hall.

"Ring the bell — call in your servants — find out."

"To make a bigger fool of myself?"

"Why not, since you were willing to belittle me before them by your silly orders this morning? You told the eunuch not to let me go out, and when I returned, I had to use a ruse to enter my own home, where my baby boy is. You are a brute and a jealous fiend, and I am the most unhappy of wives." And thereupon she burst into the most pathetic sobbing, and threw herself upon me, holding me fast to her.

"Why, Beauty," he expostulated in tender tones, "you know I have never been unkind to you, and this is the first time I have even thought of punishing you."

She continued to sob without abatement. He came near us, and timidly tried to take her in his arms. To my surprise she went to him like a lamb, kissing him and crying, and I slipped out of the room, once more convinced that men were mere babes in the hands of designing women.

That night I waited in vain for her to come and tell me where she had been, and while waiting I fell asleep. After breakfast the next morning she came to my room, beaming, prettier than ever before.

"Siege is raised," she cried, sitting down cross-legged on the rug. "Blossom of the almond tree, we can go for a picnic to any cemetery we like, and I am to have a pair of horses all my own, and the loveliest low victoria that France can manufacture." She put her finger-tips together, and looked up at me, enjoying the effect of her words, and continued: "I am also going to have a bigger allowance, and when I have a little girl, I may give her a French name. In exchange, I shall not throw kissed roses to any one, and I am not going to fib for a long, long time."

She swayed forward till her forehead touched the

floor, and giggled so delightedly that I had to join her.

"The poor dear!" she went on, after her laughter had subsided. "If I told him the truth for a week, he would cease to find me interesting. I should be a tame creature — not the woman he is in love with. Oh, dear! all men are alike."

"You don't know so very many men," I suggested.

"Not actually, Blossom mine, not actually; but a woman retains the knowledge of her previous existences far better than a man. That is what her intuition is. I have been a wife for thousands of years. Think of the husbands I have had! I know all about men. Why sometimes I can write down Sendi's words before they leave his lips; and as for his actions, I know them before he even conceives them."

"But what I want to know is how you got out of the house yesterday, and then how you got in again."

She looked at me with amused pity.

"Blossom, you are just about as stupid as a man — just about. I never left the house; I could n't."

I stared. "But they searched high and low — "

"Not very low, my dear, not very low; for if they had, they would have found us down in the cistern, in the baskets we keep the things cool in. We almost touched the water — and we were cool, I can tell

you." And she went into peals of infectious laughter that carried me along with her.

"Did you tell him?" I asked when our amusement had subsided.

"Oh, what a goose you are, dear! Of course I did not. He will have that riddle in the depths of his heart to torment him — until I give him a fresh one."

I attempted to lecture her, but she closed my lips with a kiss and adjured me not to be a simpleton until nature turned me into a man.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CHIVALRY OF ARIF BEY

Up to now I have only spoken of the women of Turkey, because such are the conditions there that men and women do not mingle freely.

By the Western world Turkish men are held in low estimation: it may be with reason, and it may be merely out of ignorance. One of the episodes of my life deals with a Turkish man, the Arif Bey who used to come to our house as my brother's friend, when I was a little girl, and who for a while got mixed in my head with the Greek demigods. I had not seen him for years. Once I had asked my brother about him. He had told me only that he was now a pasha, and then changed the conversation.

My brother and I were invited to spend a week in Constantinople with some friends, the Kallerghis. Our host was a charming, dashing man of over forty, one of the few remaining of a formerly rich and powerful Greek family. He was a Turkish official, and the only support of a bedridden mother, to whom he was so devoted that on her account he remained a bachelor.

He was very fond of talking, perhaps because he told a story so well, or perhaps because, being of an

adventurous disposition, he had been in many a scrape. One night he told us of his experiences when, in disguise, he had managed to penetrate into the Tekhé of the Dervishes of Stamboul and witness one of their secret ceremonies. It was one to which only the most orthodox Mussulmans were admitted, and a Christian took his life in his hand if he tried to be present. He described the ceremony as something weird, but not unpleasant, as something worth seeing. There are people in the world who add splendor to whatever they describe, a splendor which is in their hearts and minds and not in the seen thing. Such a man was Damon Kallerghis.

In the silence that followed his words, the tapping of the hour by the *bektchi*, on his nightly rounds, came to us from sleeping Constantinople outside.

"And how often do the ceremonies occur?" I asked, breathless with the interest he had aroused.

"Twice a year. The next one will be in six weeks."

That night I could not sleep for the haunting remembrance of the uncanny wonders to which I had listened. I did not even go to bed. Sitting by the window, I looked at the white minarets, faintly gleaming against the dark-blue Oriental sky. Yonder was Stamboul, with its mysteries and its charm. Which of all those graceful peaks reared itself above the Mosque of the Dervishes? My desire to see that

of which I had heard grew ever stronger as the hours passed, until I could stay quiet no longer.

My brother's room was next to mine. To it I went, and with the unscrupulous cruelty of my age, I woke him.

He jumped up, rubbing his eyes. "What is it, child? Are you ill?"

"No," I said, settling myself on the foot of his bed. "Brother, I want to go to the dervishes' dance next month."

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Go back to bed at once, or I shall think you have gone crazy."

"Brother, you have got to say that you are going to take me there."

My brother was thoroughly awake by this time. He looked at me with a kind of despair.

"But did n't you hear how dangerous it was — even for Damon Kallerghis? As for your going, you might as well prance off to prison at once."

"I don't mind going to prison, if I can see the dervishes first," I persisted.

My brother was fourteen years older than I. He had been my playfellow and my instructor, and was now my guardian. Unfortunately, he was neither stern with me nor prudent himself. I knew that I could make him grant me this wish if I only stuck to it long enough; and when I returned to my room

an hour later, I went to sleep delighted with the thought of the extracted promise.

The next six weeks passed slowly, although we were busy with a number of preparations. We had, of course, to be provided with Turkish clothes correct in every particular; and since, according to Osmanli custom, a lady never goes abroad alone, at least two other women on whose courage and discretion we could count had to be enlisted. It was not difficult to find men to accompany us. Any enterprise, the aim of which was to outwit the Turks, could not but appeal to Greeks. The two young men whom we chose were both government officials, but this did not in the least abate their enthusiasm for the enterprise.

At last the night of nights arrived. We met at the Kallerghis house, dressed there, and stole down the back way to two carriages awaiting us. These took us to the Galata Bridge, whence we proceeded on foot. A faithful manservant, dressed in the Anatolian *salvhar*, headed the procession, carrying a lantern. We women came next, and our escorts followed a little way behind, since Turkish women never walk in company with men.

Stamboul in the daytime is clamorous and overcrowded. The hundred and one cries of its peddlers and shopkeepers come at once from all quarters, and

in half the languages of the earth, while one can hardly move about for the congestion of people. At night it is as silent and dark as the tomb. As we hurried along the narrow, crooked streets, we heard the occasional tramp of the night patrol, the sharp yelps of the dogs at their scavenger work, and that was all. I had never before seen Stamboul at night, and I doubt whether I shall ever wish to see it again.

I began to realize the enormity of our enterprise, and to appreciate that had my brother been of a less adventurous temperament or a more careful guardian, we should never have been where we were at that hour. As we stumbled along over ill-paved alleys, which little deserved to be called streets, the bravery with which I had confronted the idea of possible dangers oozed out of me. Nursery tales of the ferocity of the Turks recurred to a mind which the consciousness of doing wrong made susceptible to fear. We were on our way to steal into a mosque the door of which was strictly closed against us. We were dressed in Turkish clothes, and Christian women were forbidden under a heavy penalty to dress as Turks, except in the company of Turkish women. We were all Greeks, and the Turks had been our hereditary enemies since 1453. Had I had the courage at this juncture to demand that we return, as I had insisted on coming, I should have been

spared one of the most terrifying nights of my life; but I lacked this, and my shaky legs marched on through the unnamed and unnumbered streets to our destination.

The man who had been the primary cause of our risky enterprise awaited us at the arched gateway of the Tekhé. He signaled us to follow him, and we entered an ill-lighted outer courtyard. Thence we went down a steep staircase to an inner one that must have been considerably below the street level. My recollections of our movements for the next few minutes are hazy. We walked through one crooked corridor after another till we came to what looked like an *impasse*. A young dervish was standing so flat against the wall that I did not notice him until Damon Kallerghis made a sign to him, to which he responded. He lifted the heavy leather *portière*, which I had taken to be the solid wall, and permitted us to pass under it, and, as it seemed to me, beyond any human protection. Up to this moment it would still have been possible for us to turn back; but when that leather *portière* closed behind us, we were in the dark Tekhé itself.

An insane fear seized me. What if our guide had entrapped us here to our destruction? I did not stop to reflect how much persuasion it had required to get him to conduct us on this harebrained escapade.

I was simply afraid, and my fear robbed me of every vestige of common sense. Fortunately, beyond trembling till my teeth chattered, I attempted nothing.

A few yards farther over the stone floor, and we were pushed into a stall, and another leather *portière* closed us in. This was the end of our journey. The front of the stall was covered with lattice-work, and through its holes we could look down into a cavernous square arena, dark, save for a big charcoal fire smouldering in the middle. Around the arena ran an arcade, and under it we presently made out the reclining forms of many dervishes of different orders, and numerous Mohammedan pilgrims, quietly smoking. The stalls on our right and left must also have been occupied, for we heard the scuffling of feet on the floor, and then silence.

I really cannot say how long we sat on our low stools, looking down on the weird scene beneath us, before the oppressive silence was broken by a fearfully plaintive sound which seemed to come from far away, and which, for lack of a better word, I shall have to call music. On and on it went, rising and falling, monotonous, dull, and melancholy. It penetrated the whole place, drugging the atmosphere, till one felt as if any phantasmagoria of the brain might be real.

It had another effect, this dreadful, insistent sound. After a few minutes a desire to shriek, even to bite, came over me, and I began rhythmically to tear my *feredjé* in time to the music.

From this condition I was roused by a strident yell, and looked through the lattice with renewed attention. The arena was beginning to fill with long-cloaked dervishes carrying lighted torches. A mat was spread near the charcoal fire, and on this the sheik, or abbot, of the brotherhood took his place, cross-legged. The nerve-racking music ceased while he offered a short prayer.

When this was over, other dervishes came into the arena, received torches, and ranged themselves under the archways like caryatids. The maddening music started again, and the dervishes, joining hands, made the round of the inclosure in a slow, dancing step, somewhat like the step of a dancing bear, gradually increasing the violence of their movements. Then each one took off his *taj*, or head-dress, kissed it, and passed it over to the sheik. The music grew faster, but lower in tone, and more infuriating. The dervishes, with heads bowed and shoulders bent, danced more wildly about the smouldering fire. The long cloaks were thrown aside, and the men appeared, naked, except for the band around their waists, from which hung long knives.

They threw out their arms, as if in supplication, and bent back their heads in terrible contortions. Yells of "*Ya Hou!*" and "*Ya Allah!*" mingled with the music. Little by little the men lost every vestige of resemblance to human beings. They were creatures possessed by a demoniac madness. They shrieked and yelled inarticulately, their voices blending curiously well with the hellish music. When their frenzy reached its climax, they drew their knives from their belts and began stabbing themselves. The blood trickled down over their bodies, and added to the sinister aspect of the scene. After a while some of them threw themselves into the fire, and with ferocious yelps jumped out of it. Others, as if they were hungry wolves, and the fire their prey, fell upon it and ate the lighted charcoal. The smell of burning flesh was added to the smell of sweat and blood, and made the close air almost unbearable.

When at last they could whirl no more, yell no more, stab themselves, and eat fire no more, one by one they fell to the ground. The music became ever faster and fainter, as if it were agonizing with the men who danced to it, until, as the last man collapsed, it, too, ceased. The sheik then rose from his mat and went from one prostrate form to another, breathing into their faces, and administering to their wounds.

He who died on such a night, it was said, would become a saint.

Dazed and shaken, we left our stall and stumbled along the corridors until we reached the entrance. There were other people, and I was vaguely aware of cries and sobs, but heeded nothing. I wished to get out of the Tekhé as if my salvation depended on it. At the outer door I gave a great sigh of relief, and ran on after our Anatolian with his lantern.

I was by no means myself yet, but a feeling of relief came upon me when the cold, damp air of the night struck my face. I was trying to get away from the music, which still clung to my nerves. For a considerable time I walked on until a hand touched my shoulder. Startled, I turned, and by the light of the moon, which had risen, looked into the eyes of a veiled woman who was a stranger to me. Other veiled forms surrounded me, none of whom I knew.

"Hanoum effendim," said the one who had touched me, smiling, "I am afraid you have lost your party, and by mistake have come with ours."

Her words were like a cold but vivifying bath.

"I must have done so," I replied, trying to avoid much conversation. "I will go back."

"Come with us for the night," she suggested.

Thanking her, I took to my heels. I had not paid much attention to the crooked streets traversed thus

far, and as I absolutely lack the sense of location, I must now have gone in some other direction than that of the Tekhé; for after long running back and forth, and hiding in the by-streets whenever I heard any one approaching, I came to the awful conclusion that I could not find the Tekhé, and, alone and unprotected, was lost in the streets of Stamboul. I wondered, too, what the others were doing. Afterward I learned that, when they got to the entrance, one of the women of our party fainted, and, to avoid danger, they had hidden in a dark passageway while waiting for her to come to her senses. In their excitement they did not notice my disappearance, and when they found it out, they searched everywhere, finally deciding that the others should go home while my brother and one of the men hid near the Tekhé, thinking that sooner or later I should turn up there. It was only in the early morning that they went away, hoping that by some lucky chance I had returned to the house.

Meanwhile I was roaming far from the Tekhé, exposed to all kinds of dangers. I grew desperate. Horrible stories of the Greek Revolution recurred to my mind: how our women were tortured to death by the Turks, and how others, to avoid shame and torture, had thrown themselves into the sea. If I could only reach the water! With that idea in my

mind I ran in the direction in which I thought the sea lay. Fragments of prayer taught me in childhood, and long forgotten for lack of use, came back to me, and I began to pray. I was glad for the many saints in the Greek faith to whom I could appeal. I tried to remember where in the church was the particular niche of each of the saints. It took my mind from my danger, and gave it a definite object, as I hurried on.

Into the intensity of my prayers there broke the muffled sound of leather boots. The night patrol was on its rounds. I stood still. To all appearances I was a Turkish woman, alone in the streets. The patrol would arrest me. What if I threw away the *feredjé* and the *yasmak?* Though as a Turkish woman I should be taken to prison, what my fate would be as a Christian I did not know, and the unknown fate was the more terrifying. The Turkish garb was my danger, but also my momentary protection.

I drew the black silk about me. While waiting for the approach of the night patrol, my mind acted quickly. I must belong to some man's harem, either as lady or slave. I was afraid that I might not act meekly enough for a slave; then it must be as somebody's wife. Whose should it be? The tall, stalwart figure of Arif Bey flashed across my mind's eye. He

had had two wives when I knew him; he probably had more now — and besides, I knew where his town house was.

By the time the patrol came near me I felt quite safe in the thought of the dashing figure and handsome face of the man I had chosen as my husband. I walked up to the patrol, though I was swallowing hard, and told them that I was lost, and wished them to take me to the police-station and send for Arif Pasha, my husband. I addressed myself to the man who appeared to be the officer of the small band, and spoke very low, in order that he might not detect any hesitancy in my Turkish.

He saluted in military fashion, divided his few men into two groups, and between them escorted me to the police-station. There a consultation took place between him and his superior, and the latter asked me where I had been, and how I had happened to lose my party.

I smiled sweetly at him. "I shall tell that to my husband, and he will tell you, if he thinks best."

This was so admirable a wifely sentiment that it left my inquisitor bereft of questions.

"It is a long way to your house," he remarked. "It may take some hours for your husband to come here."

"That does not matter, if you will only send for him."

He took me to a large room and locked me inside. I had no means of knowing whether he would send for Arif Pasha or not, but I argued to myself that the name was too big for a policeman to trifle with. It remained to be seen whether the pasha would come at the summons, or would first go into his haremlik to find out whether one of his wives were really missing. And if he had several homes, as rich Turks often have, would he be at the address I gave, or would he be with another wife at another house, or possibly out of town?

My thoughts were far from roseate. I sat on my stool praying to my Maker as I have never done before or since. I thought that after this experience I should become a very wise and careful woman. Alas!

The night grew older, and the grayish light gradually pierced the darkness, as I disconsolately wondered what would happen to me.

There were steps outside, the key turned, and Arif Pasha entered the room, and shut the door behind him.

My father used to say: "Don't be humble with the Turks. Ask them what you want, and ask it as your right."

"Please be seated, Arif Pasha," I said, "and I will tell you all about it."

"And, pray, who are you?" he asked.

"I will tell you that also," I answered with as confident a manner as I was able to assume.

He drew up a stool and sat down opposite me. Then I told him the whole adventure, adding that I had sent for him to get me out of the scrape.

When I had finished, he threw back his head and laughed heartily. "So you are my wife, are you?" he exclaimed.

I laughed, too, tremendously relieved that he was not angry with me.

"I remember you well now," he went on, "and if you are not any better disciplined than you were a few years ago, you will make a troublesome handful of a wife." And again he roared. "I told your precious brother once that if he did n't use more discretion in bringing you up, you would keep him pretty busy. And now what do you think I can do for you?"

"Why, you will just get me out of here, and drive me to the Kallerghis, where I am staying."

Arif Pasha looked at me with a kind of puzzled exasperation. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Sixteen."

"Well, can't you see that if I drove you there at this hour your reputation would be ruined?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed blankly. "Then what must we do?" I was quite willing to leave it all to him.

A fresh access of merriment overcame the Turk. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes. I stood by, inclined to join in with him, yet not quite sure whether it was directed against me or not. In truth, there was a sardonic humor in the situation which I did not understand until some hours later.

"Did ever a man find himself in such a position!" he gasped, wiping his eyes. "Here I am routed out of bed at an unearthly hour, and dragged across Stamboul to a police-station, to discover myself possessed of a Greek wife I never knew I had — and to get her out of jail!"

He went to the door and clapped his hands. To the soldier who responded to the signal he said a few words, and then returned to me.

"I have sent for coffee and something to eat."

"But I don't want anything to eat. I only want to get out of here," I said petulantly.

"Pardon me," he said with severity, "but I am not accustomed to speak twice to my wives. They do what I say without objections."

"But I'm not your wife," I retorted, nettled at his lofty tone.

"No? I thought you said you were." And again his laugh filled the room.

When the coffee and *galetas* were brought in, I ate meekly, and they tasted good. The hot coffee,

especially, warmed me, and made things seem more cheerful than they had.

When we had finished eating, he said to me: "Now, mademoiselle, my carriage is downstairs, but I have explained to you why I cannot drive you direct to the Kallerghis."

"Suppose you take me to your home, and tell your favorite wife about it," I suggested.

His dark-blue eyes danced. "You think she will believe me, mademoiselle?"

"Why not?"

He shook his head. "When you are a woman, you will understand many things you do not now, and I hope you will still have cause to trust men as you do now. But, mademoiselle, they are not all trustworthy, and women are right not to believe what they say."

He caressed his clean-shaven chin and became lost in thought. Presently he unfolded his plan, and even in my youth and impatience I began to see that the sole object of all his precautions was to get me into the house in such a way as to save me from any breath of scandal.

The sooner we left the station-house, the better it would be. He spoke a few words to the police-officers, and then told me to follow him. There was a closed coupé awaiting us, and when we were in it, he

pulled down both curtains. "We are going on a long drive until it becomes respectable daylight. Then we shall go to your house, as if I were bringing you back from a visit to one of my wives."

It was after nine o'clock when we reached the Kallerghis house.

"Now," he said, "arrange the *yashmak* so that it will look like a European scarf, and hold your *feredjé* as if it were a silk cloak, and don't look frightened. I will get out and ring the bell, and stay here talking and laughing with you for a minute. If you see people whom you know, bow cordially to them, and do not act as if there were anything unusual in the situation."

When the servant answered the bell, I came out of the carriage, and Arif Pasha, bending over my hand, said: —

"Mademoiselle, tell your brother that I shall forget ever having seen you to-night."

"Thank you," I said.

Of the man who opened the door, I asked: "Is my brother or Kyrios Kallerghis in?"

"No, mademoiselle. They have been here several times this morning, but are out now. They seem to be in some kind of trouble."

"As soon as they come in, tell them I should like to see them."

It was a haggard and miserable brother who came to my room an hour or so later.

After telling him all my adventure, I repeated Arif Pasha's message.

My brother gave me a long, thoughtful look.

"Do you know," he said at last, "that Arif and I have been deadly enemies for the last three years?"

CHAPTER XX

IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS

THIS night of terrors proved my last adventure in Turkey. Soon afterwards events began to force me to feel that in order to live my own life as seemed right to me, I must flee from all I knew and loved to an unknown, alien land. It is a hard fate: it involves sacrifices and brings heart-aches. After all, what gives to life sweetness and charm is the orderliness with which one develops. To grow on the home soil, and quietly to reach full bloom there, gives poise to one's life. It may be argued that this orderly growth rarely produces great and dazzling results; still it is more worth while. People with restless dispositions, people to whom constant transplanting seems necessary, even if they attain great development, are rather to be pitied than to be envied. And when the transplanting produces only mediocre results, there is nothing to mitigate the pity.

By nature I was a social revolutionist, and I liked neither the attitude of the men toward the women, nor of the women toward life, among the people of my race. I have learned better since, and know now that social laws exist because society has found them to be wise, and that little madcaps like me are better

off if they respect them. But at that time I had more daring than wisdom, and longed to go where people lived their lives both with more freedom and with more intensity. Moreover, I wanted to "do something" — like so many feather-brained girls all the world over; just what, I did not know, for I had no especial talents.

With a fairly accurate idea of my own worth, I knew that I was intelligent, but I was fully aware that I was the possessor of no gifts which would place me among the privileged few and outside the ranks of ordinary mortals. Brought up on books and nourished on dreams, I had a poor preparation with which to fight the battle of life, particularly in a foreign country, where everything was different, and difficult both to grasp and to manipulate. The only factor in my favor was my Greek blood, synonymous with money-making ability; for we Greeks have always been merchants, even when we wore *chlamidas* and reclined in the *agora*, declaiming odes to the gods, talking philosophy, or speculating on the immortality of our souls.

Knowing my race as I did, and aware that it succeeded in making money in climates and under conditions where other races failed, I was confident that I could earn my own living. There is something in us which justifies the tale of Prometheus. Even

before I was fifteen, I was quietly planning to leave Turkey, to go and seek what fortunes awaited me in new and strange lands, — a course which my imagination painted very attractively. America beckoned to me more than any other country, perhaps because I thought there were no classes there, and that every one met on an equal footing and worked out his own salvation.

We all are the possessors of two kinds of knowledge: one absorbed from experience, books, and hearsay, which we call facts; the other a knowledge which comes to us through our own immortal selves. This last it is impossible to analyze, since it partakes of the unseen and the untranslatable. We feel it, that is all. This subconscious knowledge — to which many of us attach far greater importance than we do to cold facts — usually is remote as a distant sound, though at times it may be so clear as to be almost palpable. This secondary knowledge told me I must go to America — America which rose so luminous, so full of hope and promise on the never-ending horizon of my young life.

I had not the remotest idea of how my dream of going there could be realized; but I believe that if one keeps on dreaming a dream hard enough, it will eventually become a reality. And so did mine. A Greek I knew was appointed consul to New York,

and was shortly to sail with his family to the United States. I had a secret conference with them, offering to accompany them as an unpaid governess, and to stay with them as long as they stayed in America. They accepted my offer.

This I regarded merely as a means of getting away from home. After I should leave them my real career would begin. That I was prepared for no particular vocation, that I did not even know a single word of English, disconcerted me not at all. Accustomed to having my own way, I was convinced that the supreme right of every person was to lead his life as he chose. I do not think so any longer. On the contrary, I believe that the supreme duty of every individual is to consider the greatest good of the greatest number. That I succeeded in my rash enterprise is due more to the kindness of Providence than to any personal worth of mine.

Of America actually I knew almost nothing, and what I thought I knew was all topsy-turvy. The story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith had fallen into my hands when I was twelve years old. I wept over it, and surmised that the great continent beyond the seas was peopled by the descendants of Indian princesses and adventurers. My second piece of information was gathered from a French novel, I believe, in which a black sheep was referred

to as having gone to America "where all black sheep gravitate." And my third source of information was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the book which makes European children form a distorted idea of the American people, and sentimentalize over a race hardly worth it.

This made up my encyclopædia of American facts. That all those who emigrated thither succeeded easily and amassed untold wealth I ascribed to the fact that being Europeans they were vastly superior to the Americans, who at best were only half-breeds. You who read this may think that I was singularly ignorant; yet I can assure you that to-day I meet many people on my travels in Europe who are not only as ignorant as I was, but who have even lower ideas about the Americans.

We landed in New York in winter, and went directly to Hotel Martin, at that time still in its old site near Washington Square.

What did I think of America at first? This, indeed, is the most difficult question to answer. I was so puzzled that I remained without thoughts. To begin with, the people, for half-breeds, were extremely presentable. The redskin ancestral side was quite obliterated. Then the houses, the streets, the whole appearance of the city was on a par with Paris. What appalled us all was the dearness of things.

I remember the day when we gave a Greek street-vendor one cent for some fruit, and he handed us one little apple. "Only this for a cent?" we cried; and so indignant were we that we reclaimed our cent and returned him his apple.

We managed to do ridiculous things daily. At our first evening meal at the hotel, a tall glass vase stood in the middle of the table filled with such strange flowers as we had never seen before. They were pale greenish white, with streaks of yellow. We thought it very kind of the proprietor to furnish them for us, and each of us took one and fastened it on our dresses.

The waiters glanced at us in surprise, but it was nothing to the sensation we created when we rose to go out of the dining-room. People nudged each other and stared at us. Of the French maid who came to unfasten my dress I asked: "Do we seem very foreign?"

"No, indeed," she replied; "I should have taken mademoiselle for a French girl, except that she wears her hair loose on her back."

"Then why did the people in the dining-room stare at us so?"

She suppressed a giggle. "Yes, I know, mademoiselle, I have heard about it. It is the flower mademoiselle is wearing."

"What is the matter with it?"

"Nothing, except that it is not a flower — it is a vegetable, called celery."

I do not know how many more absurd things we did during the three weeks we stayed at the hotel. Then we took an apartment near Riverside Drive, the rent of which staggered us; but when it came to the servants we almost wept, — four pounds a month to slovenly girls who were only half-trained, who made a noise when they walked, and who slammed the doors every other minute.

I was anxious to start my English studies at once, for as yet I could only say "All right!" a phrase which everybody used, apropos of nothing, it seemed to me. I went to the Normal College to inquire about the conditions for entering it. The president received me. He was the first American man with whom I talked. He had lovely white hair, and a kind, fatherly face. He spoke no French, and sent for a student who did; and when she translated to him what I wanted, he explained that I could not enter college until I knew English and could pass my entrance examinations. The young girl who translated offered to teach me English for a sum which, to me, coming from the East and cheap labor, and possessor of small financial resources, seemed preposterous. Still, I liked her eyes: they were dark-

blue, and green, and gray, all at once, with long and pretty lashes; so I accepted her offer. That very evening she gave me my first lesson, and proposed that, instead of paying her, I should improve her French in exchange for her English lessons, an offer I was very glad to accept. She was my first American friend, and remains among my very best.

We had only been a few months in New York when my Greek friends were obliged to return to Turkey. I resolved to remain behind. I must confess at once that I did so out of pride alone. New York had frightened me more than the capture by the brigands, the earthquake, and an Armenian massacre in which I once found myself, all put together. Yet to go back was to admit that I had failed, that the world had beaten me, and after only a very few months.

I had just sixty dollars, and my courage — robbed a little of its effervescence. Since I had only two English lessons a week, and no practice whatever, because all the people we met spoke French to us, my vocabulary was very limited, yet I managed to get about pretty well. Once in a shop I asked for "half-past three sho-es"; and obtained them without trouble.

Before my friends left New York for Constantinople, they gave me a certificate saying that I was

qualified to be a governess — for which I was really as qualified as to drive an engine. Since I had had no chance to modify my opinion about the origin of Americans, I still looked upon them as inferiors; and considered myself quite good enough for them.

Taking a small room in a small hotel, I applied to an agency for a position. It did not prove quite so easy to obtain as I had thought it would. In the first place, I was not French-born; secondly, I was ridiculously young-looking; and then, of course, I had to admit that I had been a governess in a way only.

How amusing it was to be presented as a governess! Most of the ladies spoke such comical French, and asked questions which I thought even funnier than their French. I could have found a place at once, if I had been willing to accept twenty-five dollars a month as a nursery governess, and eat with the servants.

Meanwhile most of my money was spent, and to economize I walked miles and miles rather than take the street cars; and then came the time when all my money was gone, and I was in arrears with my rent, and had no money for food.

I do not wish any one to suppose that I was miserable. On the contrary, I liked it: I was at last living the life I had so often read about. I was one of the

great mass of toilers of the earth, whom in my ignorance I held far superior to the better classes. I had romantic notions about being a working-girl, and my imagination was a fairy's wand which transfigured everything. Besides, I was a heroine to myself. Those who have even for one short hour been heroes to themselves can understand the exaltation in which I lived, and can share with me in the glory of those days.

At this time I happened to apply to the Greek newspaper for a position, not because I thought there was any chance for me, but because it was so interesting to apply for work. Every time I applied to a new person, it was a new adventure; and I had applied so many times, and been rejected so often, that I did not mind it any more. I knew that if worst came to worst I could for a time become a servant. I was well trained in domestic work and could cook pretty well; for when we Greek girls are not at school, a competent person is engaged to come into the house and train us systematically in all branches of housekeeping. The idea of becoming a servant, of entering an American home and obtaining a worm's-eye view of my half-breeds from within their own walls, appealed to me. What I objected to was being hired as a governess and being treated as a servant.

To my surprise, the Greek newspaper, a weekly then, took me at once on its staff. I was delirious with joy, not so much because I was going to earn money, as at the idea of working on a newspaper. It seemed so glorious, so at the top of everything.

Just at this time — at the agency, I think — I heard of a French home, far out on the West Side in the vicinity of Twenty-third Street, where French working-girls stayed while seeking positions. I went there, and made arrangements to stay a few months; and from there sought my hotel proprietor. I told him that the Greek newspaper had engaged me at a salary which did not permit me to live at his hotel, and what was more, that I could not at the moment pay him what I owed him, — three weeks' rent, I believe, — but that I would pay him as soon as possible. He was very nice about the matter, and said it would be "all right," though I doubt very much if he ever expected to see his money.

My work on the newspaper was hard and tedious. I am a bad speller, and can write a word in five different ways on one page without discovering it. On account of this failing I was often taken to task by the editor-in-chief, who was the proprietor, and had some black moments over it, until one of the typesetters quietly suggested to me that I pass him

over my stuff and he would correct the spelling before the editor saw it, which I did ever after, and was very thankful to him.

My newspaper work was not only of long, long hours, but it absorbed all my time, as well as my energy and strength, and shortly after undertaking it I had to give up my English studies. I was too worn out physically and mentally to continue them.

It was not so bad during the cold weather, but suddenly, without the slightest warning, the cold gave place to burning heat. There was no spring. That lovely transition period in which all is soft, both in air and in colors, did not exist in that American year. The summer burst fiercely over the city and scorched it in a few days. It grilled the pavements; it grilled the houses; it multiplied and magnified the noises of horse- and Elevated-cars, of street-hawkers and yelling children — and these noises in turn seemed to accentuate the heat. Every morning I took the Sixth Avenue Elevated train at Twenty-third Street, and all the way to the Battery there was hardly a tree or a blade of grass to meet the tired eye, to soothe the over-wrought nerves, nothing but ugly buildings — ugly and dirty. And as the train whizzed along, the glimpses I had of the people inside these buildings were even more dis-

heartening than the ugliness and dirtiness of the buildings themselves.

And this was my America, the country of the promised land. It seemed to me then as if my golden dream had turned into a hideous nightmare of fact, — a nightmare which threatened to engulf me and cast me into that unrecognizable mass continually forming by the failures of life. That I did not sink down into it was because, in spite of the hideous reality, I remained a dreamer, and those who live in dreams are rarely quelled by reality. In that fearful, hot New York summer I began to dream another dream which made the heat more tolerable. Daily, as the Elevated train noised its way to the Battery, I imagined myself having succeeded, having amassed wealth, from which I made gifts to the thousands of toilers in that scorched city. I planted trees for them everywhere, along the streets, along the avenues; and wherever there was a little vacant plot of land I converted it into a tiny park. There I saw the people sitting under the shade of my trees, and so real did my dream become that I began actually to live it, and suffered less from the heat myself; for I was constantly on the lookout for new spots where I could plant more trees.

At luncheon-time I used to go out for a little stroll on the Battery, and there I would see immigrant

women, dressed partially in their native costumes, and surrounded by numbers of their little ones, jabbering in their own lingo. One day I sat down near a solitary woman, unmistakably an Italian peasant.

"Hot to-day, is n't it?" I said in her own tongue.

From the sea, slowly she raised her eyes to me. I smiled at her, but received no response.

"You look very tired," I said, "and so am I. I suppose you are thinking of your own country, of fields and trees, are you not?"

"How did you know?" she demanded sullenly.

"Because I do the same myself. I am also an immigrant. You look across the sea with the same yearning in your eyes as is in my heart; for we are both homesick."

She was no longer cross, after this, and because another woman was sharing in her misery that misery became lighter. She began to tell me of her sorrow. She had buried her second baby in two weeks, because of the heat. Her lap was now empty. She spat viciously on the water. "That is what I have in my heart for America — that!" — and again she spat.

I volunteered my own disillusionments about America; and there we sat at the edge of the Battery,

two sad immigrants, telling each other of the beauties we had left behind, and of the difficulties we had to fight in the present. If I had then known a little of the history of America, I might have told her of the first immigrants, of how much they had to suffer and endure, and for what the present Thanksgiving Day stood. I might have told her more of their hardships, and how they had had to plant corn on the graves of their dear ones, so that the Indians should not find out how many of them had died; but I was as ignorant as she, and we only knew of our own homesickness and misery.

The heat had started early in May, and it kept on getting hotter and hotter, with only sudden and savage thunderstorms, which passed over the city like outraged spirits, and deluged it for a few hours with rain that became steam as soon as it touched the scorched pavements. Occasionally some fresh wind would penetrate into the city, as if bent on missionary work; but it was soon conquered by the demons of heat. It grew hotter and hotter. It seemed as if the city would perish in its own heat, — and then came the month of August!

I shall never forget that August. Even now, wherever I am during that month, my spirit goes back to that desolate city to share in the sufferings of its poor people who have to work long hours in

hot offices, and then at night try to sleep in small, still hotter rooms, with the fiendish noise of the city outside. And it is then again that my dream comes back to me, to give trees all along the streets and all along the avenues, and shady open spaces to breathe in.

CHAPTER XXI

IN REAL AMERICA

It was in meeting again the hotel proprietor, when I went back to pay him my debt, that I first realized what a summer in the land of promise had done for me. He did not know me at all. Thinking it quite natural he should not remember one among the thousands he saw yearly, I tried to recall myself to his memory.

"You don't mean to say," he cried, "that you are the child who was here a few months ago! Have you been ill?"

"No."

"Then what have you done to yourself?"

I had not done anything to myself, but the work and the heat had robbed me of all my color, of half my hair, and of pounds of weight.

At the French home my fellow-inmates were mostly of the servant class. They were very kind to me; they made my bed, swept my room, washed my hair, did my little mending, and even brought me sweets. They expressed the hope that I should meet some nice American who would offer me marriage; yet they confessed that American people were singularly devoid of sentiment.

Several months after I joined the staff of the newspaper, an American scholar, who was writing a book on the Greek language, came to the office to see if he could find some one to work with him, and the proprietor recommended me. At his house I met his wife, who at once took an interest in me. Since she spoke very little French, and I no more English, our progress was slow; but both of them were very kind to me. The husband became my regular pupil, paying me for one hour's Greek lesson every day more than I was receiving from the newspaper for all my time. So I decided to give up my position with the latter, where really there was no chance for advancement, and devote myself to teaching and studying.

It was necessary for me at this time to change quarters. I could not keep on living in a place where I had no companionship; so my Greek pupil put an advertisement in the newspaper for me, saying that I was an educated young Greek girl, who would exchange French or Greek lessons for a home.

From the replies to my advertisement he chose a school, and I went to see the principal. She, too, had blue eyes, which had become the symbol of kindness to me. She knew French, and we were able to speak together. She wished me to coach a girl in Greek, to pass her entrance examinations, and for

this was willing not only to give me my room and board, but my laundry, and I at once moved to the school, and here ended the first chapter of my American life.

I was now living in an American school, surrounded by Americans. I was to see them live their American lives. One may imagine how interested I was. The school had about a hundred day scholars, ranging from four to twenty years of age; and twenty boarders, representing almost as many States, and who — even to my untrained ears — spoke in almost as many different ways.

As a teacher of Greek I failed utterly. My pupil read a Greek I could not follow, even with the text-book in my hand. My beautiful, musical mother tongue was massacred in the mouth of that girl, and she understood me not at all. A living, thrilling language, with a literature to-day on a par with the best of Europe's, and spoken by over ten million people, had to be considered as dead, and pronounced in a barbaric and ridiculous manner. The girl was very angry at me when I told her she did not pronounce it correctly. She informed me that the ancient Greeks pronounced Greek as she did, and that I, the lineal descendant of this people whose language had been handed down without a break

from father to son, and who used the very words of Plato every day, did not know how to pronounce it. With what delight I could have boxed her ears, only I had to remember that I was no longer I, but a teacher, exchanging lessons for my living.

After several lessons together she went to the principal and told her that I was quite unfitted to teach her, and that she was only wasting her time.

The principal and I had a conference. "I can't teach her," I admitted, "unless I learn to pronounce my own language in the execrable way she does."

So far, then, as the school was concerned, I had failed. I was a Greek — but could not teach Greek! The thought of leaving the school hurt me, because I had become very fond of the principal, who even used to come to my room sometimes and kiss me good-night.

She offered me an alternative. "Would n't you like to teach the little girls French, talk French with the boarders, take them to church and out for their walks?"

I was delighted to accept this proposal. Not being permitted to speak any English with the pupils materially impeded my own progress; but there was a girl in the school who lived there without being a pupil, and who, although she spoke French fluently, often talked English with me, to give me practice.

We became very good friends; she said I was to be her daughter, and she would be my mother. To her I owe a great deal of the pleasure I had during my first few years in America.

The principal of the school took the greatest pains with my English. It is true she did not permit me to speak it with the girls, but she herself spoke it constantly with me. I could have had no better person to pattern after, for she had a lovely accent, the best to be found among Anglo-Saxons anywhere. She chose the books I was to read, and told me the phrases to use, as if I were her most high-priced pupil.

My general impression of America now was kindness. It was given to me with the lavishness which is one of the chief characteristics of the Americans. Yet because they were so different from the people I was accustomed to, I could not understand them at all and, misunderstanding them, I could not exactly love them. In spite of their kindness they had a certain crudity of manner which constantly hurt me. Besides, they seemed to me to live their lives in blazing lights. I missed the twilights and starlights, the poetry and charm of our life at home—just as I missed the spring in their calandar.

It will perhaps surprise Americans to hear that, in spite of the excellent table at the school, I almost starved before I could learn to eat American food.

It seemed to me painfully tasteless; the beef and mutton were so tough, compared to the meat in Turkey, and all the vegetables were cooked in water — while as for the potatoes I had never seen such quantities in my life. We had them for breakfast, for luncheon, and for dinner, in some form or other. Just before we sat down to table the principal said grace, in which were the words, "Bless that of which we are about to partake." To my untrained ear "partake" and "potatoes" sounded exactly alike, and I wrote home that the Americans not only ate potatoes morning, noon, and night, but that they even prayed to the Lord to keep them supplied with potatoes, instead of daily bread.

My Greek pupil and his wife, and also my first American friend of the Normal College, found me pupils, and I now earned considerable money. My outside pupils, mostly married women, were very nice to me; but I had the impression that they did not quite know how to take me. I had a terribly direct way of speaking, and I was still under the impression that as a nation they were my inferiors, and my attitude must have displayed something of that feeling.

I began to be asked out to luncheons and dinners, — partly as a freak, I am afraid, — and at one of these dinners I became the victim of American

humor. Happening to mention that I was surprised at not seeing any pure Americans in New York, I was asked what I meant. I explained that I meant full-blooded Indians. Thereupon my host very soberly told me that I could see them any day at five o'clock, on Broadway, at the corner where now stands the beautiful Flatiron Building. He cautioned me to be there at five exactly.

The very first day I was free I went to the designated corner. I arrived at half-past four, and waited there till almost six, without seeing one Indian. Fearing that I had made a mistake in the corner, I went into a shop, and in my broken English, made inquiries. Two or three clerks gathered together and discussed the problem, and then one of them, with a latent laugh in his eyes, said to me: "I am afraid some one has played a joke on you. There are no Indians to be seen anywhere in New York, except in shows."

That evening at school I told the whole story at table, feeling highly indignant, and believing that my hearers would share my indignation. To my amazement they all burst into laughter, and declared it to be the best joke they had heard in a long time. Some of the girls said they should write it home, because it was so terribly funny.

Their attitude was a revelation to me. My host

had deceived me, and had wasted two hours of my time and my strength, by giving me a piece of information that he knew to be false; yet every one thought it delightfully humorous. The only excuse I could find for this conduct was that they were a nation of half-breeds, and did not know any better. Indeed, as time went on, American humor was to me the most disagreeable part of Americans. It lacked finesse: it was not funny to me — only undeveloped and childish. Daily I was told that I had no sense of humor, and that, like an Englishman, I needed a surgical operation to appreciate what was so highly appreciable.

Finally I got very tired of being told that I had no humor and could not understand an American joke; so I determined to prove to them that I not only understood their silly jokes, but could play them myself, if I chose. Now to me the essence of an American joke was a lie, told with a sober face, and in an earnest voice. I played one on a girl boarder. To my surprise, the girl, instead of laughing, began to cry and sob, and almost went into hysterics. It made a great rumpus in the school, and the principal sent for me.

"My dear, is what you said true?" she asked, with the greatest concern.

"No, not a word of it," I replied.

"Then why did you say it to the poor girl?"

"To deceive her, and play an American joke on her."

The principal stared at me an instant, and then burst into immoderate laughter. She called the victim and the other older girls to her and explained my joke, and they all went into peals of laughter. In spite of its inauspicious beginning, my American joke was a huge success; and I could not understand why both the principal and my "mother" united — after their amusement had subsided — in cautioning me to make no more American jokes.

For one year I stayed at the school; then, having saved some money from my private lessons, and having enough pupils assured me for the coming year, I decided to leave the school and go into some private family, for the sake of my English, and also in order to see American home life. I still felt very ignorant about the American people: in their own way they were so complex, and they could not be judged by European standards.

Almost with stupefaction do I read the interviews reported by the newspapers with distinguished and undistinguished foreigners, who, after a few days' sojourn in the United States, and a bird's-eye view of the country, give out their comprehensive and eulogistic opinions. They fill me with amazement,

and I wonder whether these other foreigners are so much cleverer than I, or whether they are playing an American joke on the American people.

The family with whom I went to live turned out to be a Danish husband with a German wife. Their children, however, were born and brought up in this country, so that I did mingle with Americans of the first generation. That year away from school enabled me to poke around a lot, in all sorts of corners and by-corners of New York. I took my luncheon daily in a different place, and spoke to all sorts of people, and heard what they had to say. The papers I read faithfully, and every unengaged evening I would attend some public meeting, from a spiritualistic séance to any sort of a lecture. I also spent one entire night in the streets of New York. All the afternoon I slept. At seven o'clock I dressed and went to dinner alone in one of the so-called best restaurants of Broadway, and then to the play. The time between half-past eleven and five in the morning I spent in walking on Broadway and on Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh avenues. I took the Elevated train to the Battery, then up to Harlem, and down again by another line. New York at night is very different from New York in the daytime. It seemed to me that even the types which inhabited it were different, and I saw a great deal which was not pleas-

ant to see; but no one bothered me, either by word or look.

Before this year I used to think that to be absolutely free, to go and come as I pleased, would be the acme of happiness; to have no one to question my actions, to be responsible only to myself, would be the *coryphé* of freedom. Yet this year, when I was free to go and come as I pleased, and had no one to whom I had to give any account of my actions, I found to be the most desolate of my life, and my freedom weighed on me far more than ever restraint had at home. I came to realize that though an individual I was part of a whole, and must remain a part of that whole in order to enjoy life.

That year humanized me, so to speak, and made me understand the reason for much that I used to laugh at before — such, for example, as the spinster's devotion to her rector, to settlement work, or even to a parrot, a cat, or a dog. Whenever now I see a woman in a carriage with a dog on her lap, I may join with those who laugh at her; but at the same time I wonder if it may not be poverty and loneliness of life which make that woman, rich in money, lavish the treasures of her heart on a dumb creature.

At the end of the year I returned to the school, and willingly placed myself again in harness. During this year I made the acquaintance of John Fiske's

books, and discovered the error of my preconceived notions about the American people and their origin. He taught me who the early settlers really were, whence and why they had come. I read of their privations and struggles, and of their ultimate success. For the first time I looked upon this continent as peopled by the white race, and the shame I felt for my past ignorance was only mitigated by my desire to atone for it. I mapped out a thorough course of reading, and all the spare time of that year and the next was devoted to systematic study of American history, literature, and poetry.

And as I read American history it came over me how different the beginning of this race was from the beginnings of all the other civilized nations of the world. Whereas the others all started by a strong barbaric race descending upon a weaker people and seizing their cattle and their lands by brute force, America alone started with the great middle classes of all civilized races, who came to the New World, not with brute force as their weapon, but with the desire to carry out in a wild and virgin country the spiritual and social development they craved. What a marvelous, unprecedented beginning! What a heritage for their sons! I am afraid many of them do not appreciate the greatness of that beginning; otherwise why should they try to go beyond those

early settlers and seek to establish their descent from William the Conqueror, or some little sprig of nobility — and make themselves ridiculous, where they ought to be sublime?

By temperament I am afraid I am something of an extremist. My barely tolerant attitude toward my new country changed into a wholly reverential one. I desired to become an American myself, considering it a great honor — as in the olden times people came from all over the world to Greece, to become that country's citizens. I started my Americanism by adopting its brusqueness — it is an unfortunate fact that one is as likely to imitate the faults of those one admires as the virtues. But brusqueness which is so characteristic of America is mitigated by its young blood and by its buoyancy, and we of the old bloods can very little afford that trait. It must have made a poor combination in me, and many people must have found it hard to tolerate. The principal of the school told me, during my third year with her, that I had so completely changed in manners as to be hardly recognizable. When I first came to live with her, she said, I had had exquisite and charming manners; now I had become as brusque as any raw Western girl. She little understood that she was attacking my new garb of Americanism.

The school year began in October and ended in

May, leaving me four months to my own devices. Two vacations I spent in a fashionable summer resort, not far from New York, where I not only had pupils enough to pay my expenses, but ample time to read English and American books, and also opportunity to study the attitude of rich Americans toward a girl earning her own living — an attitude not very different from ours in the Old World. One summer I spent in a working-girls' vacation home, where all the girls were shopgirls, and where I met the proletariat of the New World on an equal footing. And once I spent the entire four months visiting in the mountains of North Carolina, where I learned how much more American money is needed for schools there than in Constantinople, where it goes — not to civilize the Turks, but to educate at the least possible expense to themselves, the children of well-to-do Bulgarians, Greeks, and Armenians — especially the first. And the recent actions of the Bulgarians have proved eloquently how little American education helps them; for American civilization must be sought — it cannot be imposed from without.

My third year at school, the head French teacher left it, and the principal offered me her place; and so, four years after I landed in the New World, I was at the head of the French department of one of the best private schools in New York City. I had many

good friends, was making considerable money outside the school, and was studying at the University of New York. To all appearances I had succeeded; yet truth compels me to confess that so far as my inner self was concerned, I was a total failure.

I had thought that if I were to join the great army of the world's workers, and lead my life as seemed to me worthy; if I were to cut loose from the conventions and traditions which hampered my development in the Old World, happiness would come to me. Far from it! I realized then that I was only one of the victims of that terrible disease, Restlessness, which has taken hold of us women the world over. We are dissatisfied with the lines of development and action imposed by our sex, and the causes of our dissatisfaction are so many that I shall not even try to enumerate them. The terrible fact remains that in our discontent we rush from this to that remedy, hoping vainly that each new one will lead to peace. We have even come to believe that political equality is the remedy for our disease. Very soon, let us hope, we shall possess that nostrum, too. When we find ourselves politically equal with men, and on a par with them in the arena of economics, we may discover that these extraneous changes are not what we need. We may then, by looking deep down into our own hearts, see whether, as

حرملك

women, we have really done the best we could by ourselves. We may then find out the real cause for our discontent, and deliberately and with our own hands draw the line of demarcation again between men and women, — and devote ourselves to developing that greater efficiency in ourselves along our own lines, which is the only remedy for our present restlessness.

I believe that only then shall we find contentment and a better equality than the one for which to-day some of us are even committing lawlessness.

CHAPTER XXII

BACK TO TURKEY

YET after I had come to believe that these conclusions of mine were the right ones, — and at the present moment I still believe them to be so, — I did not rise, pack my trunk, and return to my home. On the contrary, disillusioned though I was, I meant to stay in America. My little self felt pledged to the onward fight, into which evolution has plunged us. My generation belongs to that advance guard which will live to see the fight ended here in America; and I must be present, after the great victory is won, to see how we shall face the reconstruction period. This was the reason why, when my mother, about to undergo a serious operation, sent for me to be with her, I bought my return ticket before leaving America, and kept it always with me — ready for use at a moment's notice.

The love of our native land forms an indelible part of our souls. A mad joy possessed me all the way from New York to Genoa; a delirium from Genoa to the Dardanelles; and from the straits to the harbor I was speechless with emotion. How wonderful my empress city looked, when the mist gradually lifted and disclosed her to my homesick

eyes. Up to that moment I had thought never to see her enchanting face again; yet there I was, standing on the promenade deck of a commonplace steamer, while she was giving me — me, her runaway child — all her smiles and all her glory.

We must be very strong, that we do not sometimes die of joy.

When the little tender docked at the Quai of Galata, how I should have loved to have escaped the customs bother, the many and one greetings, and the hundred and several more stupid words one has to say on disembarking. Yet, having acquired a little wisdom, I was patient with the custom-house men, and polite to the people who had been sent to meet me. Obediently even I entered the carriage which was to take me up, up, on the seven hills where we Christians live.

Not till several days afterwards was I free to start on my pilgrimage; and as I walked up and down the main streets, and in and out of the narrow, crooked, dirty lanes, which lead one enticingly onward, — often to nowhere, — I was aware that my pilgrimage had a double aim. First, I wanted to recognize my old haunts; and second, to find that part of myself which had once lived within those quarters. Alas! if the streets were the same, I was not. Where was the girl, full of enthusiasm and

dreams, who had trod these same streets? Something within me had changed. Was it my faith in mankind, or my faith in life itself?

As I walked on, unconsciously I was picturing these same streets, clean, full of life and bustle, were Turkey to belong to America. I could see the trolleys they would have here, the terraces they would build there, the magnificent buildings they would erect, and all the civilized things they would bring to my mother country. My eyes, Americanized by the progress of the New World, kept seeing things that ought to be done, and were left undone, for no other reason than that they had been left undone for hundreds of years. The saddest of all sad things is when one begins to see the faults and failings of one's own beloved, be it a person or a country. I hated myself for finding fault with Turkey because she was clad in a poor, unkempt garb.

Before the Galata Tower, just where the streets form a cross, I turned to the left, and walked to the next street. At its entrance the leader of a band of dogs rose from his slumbers and barked at me angrily. I started, and then stood still. This was a street where once I had lived, and the canine leader barking at me was the same as six years ago, only older, more unkempt, and filthier. It hurt me to have him bark at me. It meant that he did not know me, — or did

he with his doggish intuition feel that I was disloyal in my heart to the old régime?

"Why, Giaour!" I cried, "don't you know me? We used to be friends, you and I."

He stood rigidly on his old legs, his band alert to follow his lead. These dogs, which were anathema to the stranger, had a double duty to perform in their unhappy city. They were not only scavengers, but the defenders of her defenseless quarters. The stranger only saw their scarred bodies and ugly appearance; but we who were born in Constantinople knew how they formed their bands, and how they protected us. Each quarter had some twenty dogs, and they guarded it both against other dogs, and against strangers. The young ones, as they grew up, had to win their spurs, and their position was determined by their bravery and skill, both in fighting and in commanding. I had seen Giaour win his leadership, a month or so before I left Constantinople. He had been nicknamed Giaour by a Turkish *kapoudji*, because he had a white cross plainly marked on his face.

To my entreaties he only stood growling. "Come, Giaour," I begged, "I have changed, I know, but I am still enough myself for you not to bark at me."

He listened, mistrustfully watching every movement I made, and because of this I perpetrated a

shameful deed. I retreated to Galderim Gedjesi, and bought a loaf at the bakeshop, and with the bribe in my hand, returned. The band was now lying down, but Giaour was still standing, his pantalettes shaking in a ruffled and disturbed fashion. In his heart, perhaps, he was not pleased with himself for having barked at me.

I approached him, the bread in my hand. After all, is not Turkey the land of bribes?

"Come, Giaour!" I went and sat down on a doorstep. Slowly and with dignity he followed. "Here is clean bread from the bakery for you, and please try to remember me! It is more than I can bear to have you bark at me, Giaour."

He sniffed at the piece of bread I offered him; then ate it, and then another piece, and another. When he had finished the entire loaf, he placed both his paws on my lap and studied my face intently.

"Giaour, you know me now, don't you?" I begged. "I used to live here six years ago, though it seems like ages."

From across the way an Englishman came out of a house and approached me, where I sat with Giaour's paws in my lap. "Beg pardon," he said shyly, lifting his hat. "You are a stranger here, and those fellows are dangerous. Besides, they are unhealthy."

This was the last straw: he took me for a foreigner.

"Thank you," I replied, "but I am not afraid. The fact is, we are of the same kennel, Giaour and I."

"Kennel — h'm!"

"Oh, I know Giaour has never seen a kennel, as you understand it in England; but he has a fine doggish soul, just the same."

"H'm!" the Englishman sniffed again; "perhaps he has." And lifting his hat, he went away.

It is a curious fact that, in England, unless an Englishman knows you, he would rather perish than speak to you first; on the Continent he would rather be rude to you than decent; but in Turkey his nature seems to change, and he is really a nice human being. As I watched the man go away, I was thinking that if England were governing Turkey, how delightful everything would be. Yes, England would be the one nation to succeed with Turkey. America was too bustling, after all, and had too little experience. Germany had too much paternalism and discipline; Austria-Hungary lacked fundamental honesty; while as for Russia — that ought never to be. Russian bureaucracy, grafted on the corrupt Turkish stem, would change matters from bad to worse. But England, with her love of order and decency, and with just enough discipline to put matters to rights — how delightful it would be, and how the Turks would enjoy stopping whatever they were doing, at four

o'clock, to have tea! Alas! between Mr. Gladstone's indiscreet utterances, and Elliot's bad management, England let her hour slip by, and Turkey was deprived of her one chance to be regenerated.

Giaour threw back his head and emitted a howl. It was strident and harsh, the howl of the plains of Asia; for Giaour was of the blood of the once monarchs of the East, though now he was a ragged, diseased dog — scavenger, and soldier of fortune.

Lovingly my hand patted his old head. "Ah, Giaour, my boy, these are hard days for thee and thy race, and even I am recreant in my heart to thee. Forgive me! Perhaps the Powers, in not agreeing among themselves, have reached the only possible agreement at present — the Turk in Constantinople."

I took his paws and put them down. "Don't bark at me again, old boy."

He waved his stub of a tail, just a tiny bit. He had eaten my bread, he had looked into my eyes, yet he was not quite certain of me. Perhaps he, too, had lost faith in life and in mankind.

On leaving Giaour I plunged into that tangle of streets through which one may deviously find one's way to Kara-keuy. To a stranger it is a veritable labyrinth; but though I have little sense of orientation, I could still find my way through it. It is one

of the few thoroughly Oriental quarters left on this side of the Galata Bridge.

Arrived at Kara-keuy, I stopped happily, watching the life about me. How delightfully — how terribly — everything was the same. From afar I heard a cry — "*Varda!*" — and then saw the half-clad figure of the runner, who, waving a red flag to right and to left, was warning pedestrians that the street-car was coming. Ah! this was, indeed, my Constantinople, disdained by progress, forgotten by time. How emblematic was this runner before the street-car. He reminded me of the cynical words of the crafty Russian statesman, Ignatief, who once exclaimed: "They talk of regenerating Turkey — as if that were possible even to the Almighty above."

My dear, dear Turkey! She may start over again in Asia, but be regenerated in Europe — ?

For a little while I walked on, and then entering a small confectioner's shop, frequented only by Turks and squatting like them on a low stool, I ordered a *kourous's* worth of *boughatcha.* I ate it with my fingers, like the others. Near me sat two young students of theology, talking politics. Their tone as much as their words made me see bloodshed. In some ways the Turks are one of the finest races, but they have been losing ground for the last two hundred years and it hurts them, and in their hurt they

see red. No wonder they make others see it, too. The conversation of the young *softas* was full of the sanguine color. This was shortly after 1897. Turkey had just defeated Greece, and the old feeling of arrogance was uppermost in the breasts of Mahomet's followers.

"Fork them out! Fork them out, the giaours," cried the younger of the two. "They are only fit for fodder, those Christian dogs."

I should have liked to linger over my *boughatcha*, but the tension of the tone betrayed a heat above the normal. I paid my *kourous*, and left the shop, praying both to the Christian God and to the Mohammedan one that they might let these misguided children see stretches of peaceful green, instead of always red.

Slowly, slowly, now, I walked to the Galata Bridge, and turned to the right, just behind the *karakol* which houses the main body of the Galata police. I was on my way to hunt up old Ali Baba, my boatman, him with whom years ago I had shared the raptures of the Byzantine history. My heart was beating fast. Would Turkey play me false this once? Would the one living landmark of my past be chosen as the one to mark a change in that changeless country?

Hastening, I yet found myself lingering in my

haste. If his place were to be empty, if he were really gone, having himself been rowed over the river Styx, would it not be better for me not to go there, but always to remember his place filled by his kindly presence?

Though reasoning thus, my feet still took me onward to where he used to be, and there, at his accustomed place, sat Ali Baba, his face looking like a nice red apple, wrinkled by the sun and rain. I went and stood before him.

"Ali Baba!" I said, tears in my voice.

He rose, a trifle less quickly than he used to, and stared at me incredulously.

"*Benim kuchouk, hanoum,*" he said slowly, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh! it is I!" I cried, "it is I!" — and gave him both my hands.

We walked toward the little *caïque*, where he took some time to unfasten the rope. We did not speak until he had rowed again midway under the bridge.

"Where have you been, all these many, many years?" he asked reproachfully.

"I have been to America," I replied, "the newest and biggest of all countries" — and as of old I was talking, and he was listening; only this time it was not of the past, and of the people who, having done their work, were dead and forgotten, but of a coun-

try of a great present, and a still greater future. And as of old, his face was full of interest and kindness.

Presently he asked, "But, my little lady, what have you done with the roses of your face? You are pale and worn out."

"One has to work hard in America," I replied. "It is a country which requires your best, your utmost, if you are to succeed." And again I went on to tell him of the fast trains which go sixty miles an hour, of the elevated trains, flying above the middle of the streets, and of the preparations for the subways, which were to burrow in the depths of the city.

"But why are they working so hard and preparing so much?" he asked, a bit bewildered. "After all, they will have to die, and when they are dead, they can only have a grave like anybody else."

I shook my head. "They are making away with the graves, my Ali Baba. They have invented a quicker and more expedient way of getting rid of the body. They place it on a table in a special room, and within two hours all that is left of it is a simple white strip of clean ashes."

He gasped. "They have done that!" he cried in horror. "They have done that! Allah, canst thou forgive them?" He leaned toward me, earnestness and entreaty in his kind face. "Don't go back there, my little one; don't go back there again. It is an

accursed country which steals the peace from the living, their bodies from the dead, and robs a child of her roses. Say that you are not going back, my little one."

Again I shook my head. "When I left there, my Ali Baba, I bought my return ticket. I wear it like an amulet around my neck. I am going back as soon as my presence is no longer needed here."

He let his oars drop. "You are going back?" he asked with awe; "but why?"

I looked at him, and beyond him at old Byzantium — once Greek, now full of minarets and mosques and all they stood for. A red Turkish flag floated idly against the indigo sky.

Why was I going back to that vast new country, so diametrically different from his own? Could I explain to him? No, I could not, any more than I could have explained, years ago, to my little Turkish Kiamelé the meaning of my great-uncle's gift on my fifth birthday.

"Why are you going back?" Ali Baba insisted.

No — I could not tell him. He could not understand. His flag was the Crescent — mine was the Cross.

THE END

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

HAREMLIK

SOME PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF TURKISH WOMEN

By DEMETRA VAKA

"A remarkable description of the life and manner of thinking of Turkish women. The author offers wholly new pictures of Turkish home life, and presents fairly the Turkish woman's views of polygamy, of subjection to man, and of religious duty."

New York Sun.

"A striking story. . . . Presents an illuminating picture of harem life. . . . Decidedly a book that is worth reading." — *Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Every chapter is a revelation to the American reader. The refreshing stimulus of conditions altogether new permeates the book, and the variety of experience and of personalities, the delights and the discomforts, the romance and the tedium, the happiness and the griefs, combine to make a narrative diverting and illuminating." — *Kansas City Star.*

12mo, $1.25 *net*. Postage extra.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM

By DEMETRA VAKA

"This is a fine novel, and it is something more, nothing less than a contribution to world politics, in which race characteristics must of necessity have a large influence."

London Spectator.

"No other writer could infuse so much passion, charm and mystery into its romantic surroundings; no other could draw with such nice discrimination the women of three alien nationalities."

Milwaukee Free Press.

"A strong and interesting picture of Oriental life as well as a striking study of the forces which determine present social and political conditions in Turkey."

New Orleans Picayune.

"The seething unrest in Turkey is well brought out in Demetra Vaka's 'In the Shadow of Islam.'"

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Illustrated. Sq. cr. 8vo. $1.25 *net.* Postage extra.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

"It cannot fail to prove a delight of delights to 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' enthusiasts." — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"All admirers of Jane Austen will enjoy Waitstill Baxter. . . . The solution the reader must find out for himself. It is a triumph of ingenuity. The characters are happy in their background of Puritan village life. The drudgery, the flowers, the strictness in morals and the narrowness of outlook all combine to form a harmonious picture." — *The London Times.*

"Always generously giving of her best, and delightful as that best always is, Mrs. Wiggin has provided us with something even better in 'Waitstill Baxter.'" — *Montreal Star.*

"In the strength of its sympathy, in the vivid reality of the lives it portrays, this story will be accepted as the very best of all the popular books that Mrs. Wiggin has written for an admiring constituency." — *Wilmington Every Evening.*

Illustrated in color. Square crown 8vo.
$1.30 *net.* Postage extra

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

OTHERWISE PHYLLIS

By Meredith Nicholson

"The most delightful novel-heroine you 've met in a long time. You like it all, but you love Phyllis." — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"A true-blue, genuine American girl of the 20th century." — *Boston Globe.*

"Phyllis is a fine creature. . . . 'Otherwise Phyllis' is a 'comfortable, folksy, neighborly tale' which is genuinely and unaffectedly American in its atmosphere and point of view." — *Hamilton Wright Mabie, in the Outlook.*

"'Phil' Kirkwood — 'Otherwise Phyllis' — is a creature to welcome to our hearth, not to our shelf, for she does not belong among the things that are doomed to become musty." — *Boston Herald.*

"Phyllis is a healthy, hearty, vivacious young woman of prankish disposition and inquiring mind. . . . About the best example between book covers of the American girl whose general attitude toward mankind is one of friendliness." — *Boston Advertiser.*

With frontispiece by Gibson. Square crown 8vo. $1.35 *net.* Postage extra

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HAGAR

By Mary Johnston

"Hagar will stand out as one of the splendid woman characters of modern fiction — serene and strong, an ideal feminist and a thorough American." — *Portland (Me.) Telegram.*

"A splendid story . . . not the least part of its charm is that delightful atmosphere of Virginia family life with which Miss Johnston's readers are familiar." — *Baltimore Evening Sun.*

"A powerful plea for woman suffrage in the guise of gripping fiction." — *Springfield Republican.*

"Feminism has never had a more human exposition. It is a book notable for sane methods as well as a delightful plot." — *Literary Digest.*

"Hagar is one of the most admirable of Miss Johnston's creations and the novel is a worthy addition to Miss Johnston's works." — *Philadelphia Record.*

Square crown 8vo. $1.40 *net.* Postage extra

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

NOVEMBER JOE

By Hesketh Prichard

"All detective stories are cast in the same mould save the stories of November Joe, for he is different from all other detectives. His field is the great woods, which he reads as accurately as the city detective reads his paper, and with finer, truer deductions." — *Wilmington Every Evening.*

"A match for Sir Conan Doyle's famous hunter of criminals." — *Living Age.*

"The stories gain by their forest setting. It is something of a novelty for the city man to follow detective romance through deep woods, along bear paths and across the dark lakes of the north. Mr. Prichard has done well." — *New York World.*

"Well written, with an out-of-door feeling which is delightful because unaffected, the book affords the best of recreation." — *Congregationalist.*

"'November Joe' is emphatically a readable volume; one ends it craving for more." — *Milwaukee Free Press.*

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 *net.* Postage extra

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 757 188 8